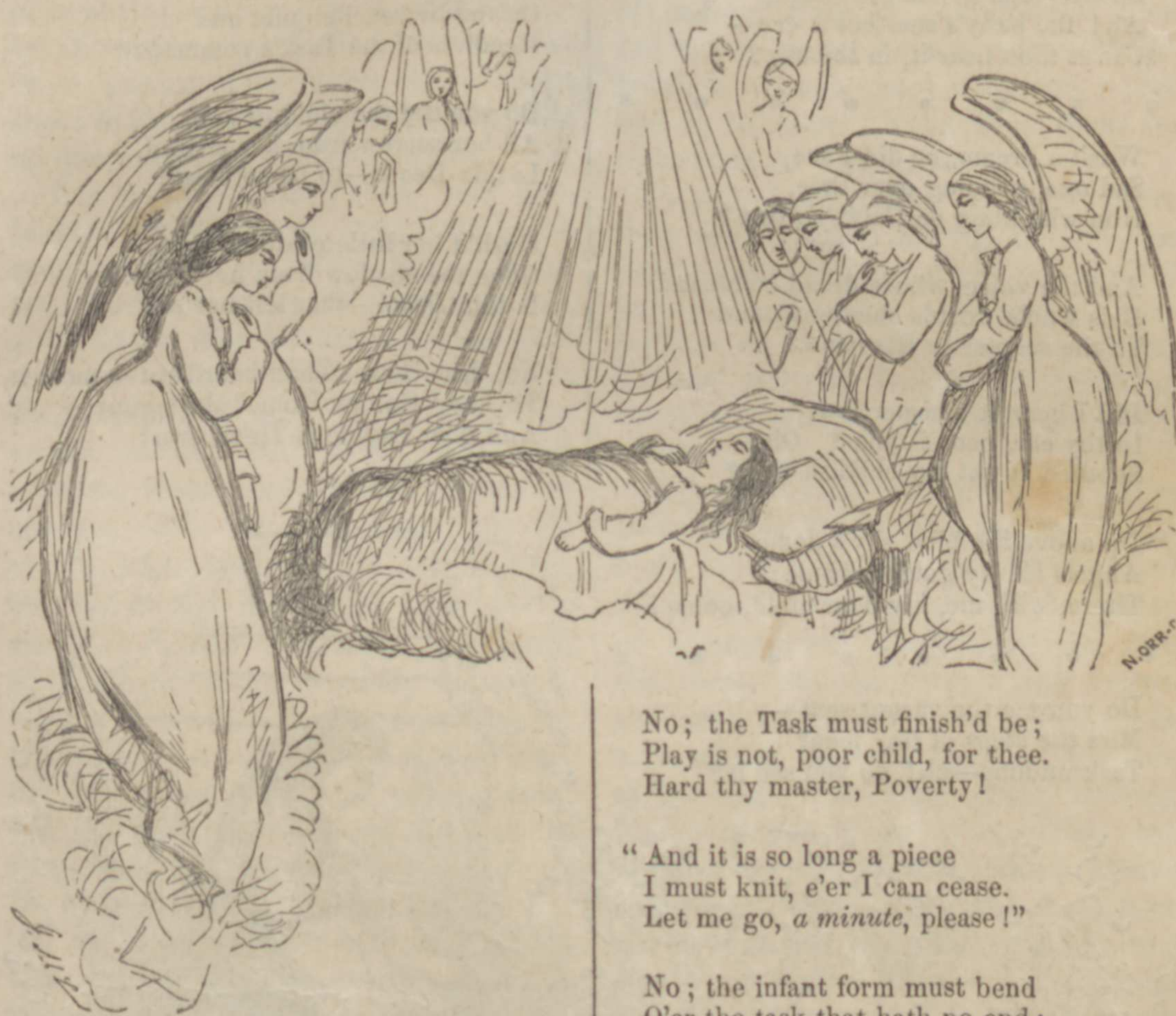


# THE HOME: A FIRESIDE MONTHLY.

AUGUST, 1859.



## LITTLE SOPHIE.

'Tis a wailing, broken tone!  
Prison'd childhood's feeble moan;  
Bird-notes, but the music gone:—

"Oh! I long to get away  
Only for a while to play.  
I have work'd the whole sad day!

"Oh! I long to see the sky,  
Watch the children passing by,  
Hear their silvery songs of joy!

"Let me go a little while—  
I may learn from them to smile,  
And my weary work beguile."

VOL. VIII. 4

No; the Task must finish'd be;  
Play is not, poor child, for thee.  
Hard thy master, Poverty!

"And it is so long a piece  
I must knit, e'er I can cease.  
Let me go, *a minute*, please!"

No; the infant form must bend  
O'er the task that hath no end;  
See! the tears and stitches blend!

See the face, the dark sad eyes,  
Where that crushing shadow lies,  
While the hand its needle plies.

See the dear young head so low  
Almost on the bosom now,  
Bow'd, in childhood's strangest woe.

Scarce seven summers' suns have shone  
That dark silken hair upon,  
Yet, poor babe, thou'rt sorrow's own!

Little heart! how wild its dreams  
Of green trees and cooling streams;  
Spots where sweetest sunlight gleams;



Place for tiny feet to run ;  
Air for laughs to dance upon ;  
Moss to rest when play is done ;

Birds, and flowers, and children dear ;  
Voices glad to greet the ear ;  
Things she only *dreams* of here !

Worn young heart ! Dear God, how plain  
On the face, in each tear-stain,  
Pictured are its yearnings vain !

Spoken loud in each low sigh,  
Ah ! the baby's smother'd cry—  
Can'st thou hear it, in the sky ?

\* \* \* \* \*

Was't a dream, or did I see,  
Sad one, bending over thee,  
Him who hung on Calv'ry's tree ?

And the voice, whose dread command  
Bids whole worlds obedient stand  
To the scepter in His hand.

Did I hear It whisper low  
In thy ear, poor Sophie ? Oh !  
Soothed It not thy childish woe ?

"Up above the blue sky's dome  
Angels fill My golden Home ;  
There, with me, my dear child, come !"

\* \* \* \* \*

Do you see the vacant seat—  
Miss the steps of tiny feet ?  
Task undone—oh ! do you see it ?

Do you see the darken'd room  
Shadow'd round with a new gloom,  
Where the silent mourners come ?

Do you see that quiet face  
With its pale and gentle grace,  
Sending light upon the place ?

Do you see the little form  
Clasp'd by its white robe ? No harm  
That it is not soft nor warm !

Do you see the tiny hand  
On the breast, lie quiet and  
Heedless of the Task's command ?

Do you see the child *at rest*,  
All her sorrow from her chased,  
Is this *Death*—to be so blest ?

Hush'd her little pleading now,  
Gone the shadow from her brow.  
Is this *Death*—that left her so ?

No, dear God. Thou heard'st the moan !  
To Thy "Golden Home" she's gone—  
And poor Sophie is Thine own !





## PURE WOMANHOOD.

WHAT is pure womanhood?

It is difficult to write clearly on the subject, a subject so much dreamt of, and so little thought out; and the difficulties which meet us at the outset, arise from both the sexes. Womanhood has been so idealized by men, and so unrealized by women, that, on both sides, a fair judgment is almost impossible. Some men scarcely allow her any faults; others, who have passed this stage, have stopt short in the reaction from it, and blame as much as they praised before.

For example, the young man sees before him, far away, seated on a distant height, his ideal woman. Men, who have lived apart from real life, embody all the hidden tenderness of their nature in her who visits them in the evening dream. But when the youth meets and lives with real women, when the student comes in contact with the substance of his vision, then the reaction commences, and the actual, falling far short of the goddess he has worshiped, his world of phantom beauty is rudely shattered. Happy is he who, trusting in humanity, springs away from this, and finds in the *actual*, the *real* womanhood, whose human infirmities he has to support, whose weaknesses draw out his own nature, whose failings are but the shadows thrown by great qualities, and whose faults prove woman to be of the same dear, erring humanity, which he himself possesses. But many there are, who, disappointed in their early ideal, remain forever lonely, and grow sour in heart, and smile a bitter smile, when womanhood is named and praised. Now, this contrast between the ideal and the experience of these men will make them hard to convince of the loveliness of the feminine nature.

Again, on the side of women there are, arising from their very nature, difficulties which will prevent many of them from agreeing to the truth of a real picture of their womanhood.

For example, it is one of the deepest peculiarities of their nature that they love the concrete, while man desires the abstract. Therefore, by their very nature, they long to embody their ideal in persons. Now, either from the keen knowledge of the weaknesses of their sex, which their subtle perception of character produces, or from a jealousy of one another, which is a perversion of their noble quality of individuality in attachment, they are not disposed to see pure womanhood in women; and they can never find it in men. Thus they form no clear idea of womanhood.

Again, loving the concrete more than the abstract, they do not possess much power of generalization. Subtly percipient of things, in forming a conception of their own sex, they dwell on the minute details of feminine character, and do not consider it as a whole.

Again, loving the concrete more than the abstract, they desire to embody their influences in the seen and the present. Now this, by the nature of womanhood can rarely be, and therefore, women resent any representation of their nature, which tends to establish the contrary, and prevent them from realizing their wishes. Nevertheless it is true. For the powers by which a woman works are spiritual. Who has ever seen love or tenderness, meekness or submission? Who has ever even translated into words of human speech what we mean by these? When have their effects become *rapidly* visible in an acknowledged and open form? Power, strength, and force of mind or body, these are manifest to all the world. A great speech, a scientific discovery, a giant aqueduct, a land traced with railroads, a nation subdued, a revolution in thought—these are the work of man, and they are visible in themselves or their effects, because they act on the material and intellectual worlds. But she who works on the secret spirit must be content to suspect and hope that the



results she feels are hers, but never dream that she will view them with the eye of sense. Things seen—these are not the sphere of woman's labor.

And the powers of womanhood, as they are spiritual, so their influences are slowly developed. Rooted in the present, they bear fruit only in the future. No woman planting her tree in the world can expect to see it blossoming in her lifetime. She sows, but another reaps; and sad would be her existence had not God bestowed on her a wondrous power of faith. She blesses and assists without knowing what she does. She stands like the world's light-house, seeing naught herself but the cold rocks she rests on; but far away on the tossing waters of life's tempestuous sea, the stormy light she carries falls in long lines of radiating comfort to warn, and cheer, and save those whom she has never known. For never in the seen or present can women hope to realize their lives. Still, this is the very thing they wish for; and there is no greater trial belonging to her sex than this, that the nature of her powers is in direct antagonism to the desires of her nature. And further, there are no greater obstacles than these desires, to her forming a true conception of her womanhood.

Who is the true woman? It is she who, essentially human, finds all the joy of her life in humanity. Separated from her fellows, she dies; unrequired by others, the subtle vitality of her existence perishes. If she can not live as wife or mother, as sister or daughter—if she has been robbed of these relationships by death, she becomes these to all who need. Take from her the law of her creation, force her to cease as "helpmeet" to man, or as "mother of all living," and her life becomes a living death. Unable to live herself in others, she can not bear the weight of her own feelings, nor the burden of her being. She can not "in herself possess her own desire," and thus her life is the witness to the truth and the redeeming power of

self-sacrifice. She exists not to be happy, but to bless; not to gain, but to give. She only finds her rest, when she has lost her being in the objects of her love, and found a new self in them. In her, indeed—

"Love takes up the Harp of Life,  
And smites on all its chords with might;"

and in music, the chord of self, not trembling with an effort, but softly, as in a vision, passes out of sight. Pain and sorrow, even death, are crowned with light, like the glory round the head of a saint, when they are borne, that she may give life, and rest, and redemption. The meanest lot becomes divine, when she can hallow it with the sacrifice of herself. The commonest offices are touched with a strange delight, when they are done for others. The base things of nature, seen as things which she can restore and help, are clad no longer in loathsomeness, but shine as clothed with "a seraph robe of fire." All things are interesting—all things are ennobled, when she can thus project her spiritual power upon them, and view them in the light of that God-given knowledge, that her mission is to help and save by the sacrifice of herself.

And she is highest when she does this voluntarily, and yet without self-consciousness. She is truest woman, when she lives without a self-approval of her love, when she surrenders herself, and yet is not conscious of being noble; when she dies for others, not because it is her duty, but because she so delights to die; when she is beautiful with this spiritual beauty, and yet walks her way without a wish to muse upon her loveliness.

But though her love is thus unconscious of her goodness, yet it is voluntary. Her will—her whole nature goes with it. It is a free self-determination of her whole powers, in which she finds the only solution of the enigma of her existence.

And because she thus loves, therefore is she enduring. Enduring, because, loving on in spite of trial, and



contempt, and difficulty, the power of loving is strengthened; enduring, because her joys do not rest in the absence of pain or sorrow, but in the inward and deeper realization of that affection by which she lives. All the agony of the mother is as naught before the thought of the life to come, in which she will lose herself anew, and of the joy, which she will give her husband. All the long years of ill-usage, which the wife of a cruel man endures, are borne and lightened by the dream, that he, perchance, will think that she was true and tender, when she has died for him.

Again, because her nature is necessarily possessed of this power of self-sacrificing love in so much deeper a manner than that of man, therefore is she gifted with a subtler insight, and a more discriminating sympathy. For the capacity of insight is in exact proportion to the capacity of loving, and the power of insight is measured by the strength of love in any character, and by the amount of affection brought to bear upon the object of investigation. To him who loves the universe, the "open secret" is clear. To him who loves a book, the inner comprehension of it is granted. To him, or her, who loves a person, an intimate knowledge of that soul is given. And the highest woman, who pours the truest love humanity can know on those for whom she spends herself, has a delicate insight, which penetrates like light into the hidden springs of being and of action, and lays bare the innermost recesses of the spirit. She sees into men and women, as the poet sees into the world, because she loves. She is dowered with—

"The hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,  
The love of love;"

and for this reason also she possesses a discriminating sympathy. There are two kinds of sympathy. There is a sympathy, which feels for humanity as a mass, and produces philanthropy, and is the parent of high-sounding schemes and socialistic systems. Oftentimes this is worse than useless,

for not expending itself on individuals, and too slothful and dainty to carry out in action its feelings, it forgets its objects, and only suns its silken complacency in the warmth of its self-approval. This evil belongs to men and women alike; but when this large sympathy for the mass is true, and finds its complement in real work, it produces men and women like Miss Dix, Florence Nightingale, Wilberforce, or Francis Xavier; and to such men, whose object is the redemption of masses, we give the name of benefactors of the race. Rarely do women possess this kind of sympathy, for they can not generalize sufficiently, and even should it be theirs, the practical power to act on it is often wanting, and their position shuts them out from opportunity. Their true province, when such occasion does not exist, is to arouse action by appeal to the heart.

But the general sphere of woman's sympathy is different, and the sympathy itself is different. There is a sympathy, which, not lavishing itself on the mass, discriminates individuals, and is able to apply peculiar comfort to peculiar circumstances and peculiar characters. This is especially in the power of womanhood. It is more hidden in its action than the former, but infinitely more practical; and the highest woman possesses deep and wondrously effectual sympathy, because she has gained an insight through love into human character, and is able to mold herself in other forms, suitable to the various cases which she meets.

For another reason also is she thus gifted. The power of practical sympathy, which is comfort, depends on suffering; a knowledge of what is needed, in order to console, is only gained through sorrow and trial. Now, it is another characteristic of womanhood, which arises from her deeper spiritual, and therefore, more delicate nature, that she suffers more than men. Things, words, looks, which seem trifles to us, touch her to the core. Trials, bereavements, and



sadness, which are deadened in us by our life of action and intellect, descend into and dwell in her heart. "Sorrow's memory" to her is "sorrow still." Her capacities of feeling are more subtle than ours, and therefore her suffering is more subtle too; and because she has thus more keenly borne the cross, therefore can she heal with a more delicate and softer touch than we; therefore is her sympathy more discriminating; therefore is it more useful, because less expended in visions of universal improvement; and lastly, more personal, because the tendency of her nature is to individualize rather than generalize. But further still, the power of applying sympathy practically, depends not altogether on suffering, but on the right conquest of suffering. A human soul may break beneath its sorrow; it may forget it in action, or crush it out by the resolution of strong will. In these cases, which are more peculiar, especially the two last, to men, the power of giving sympathy in a useful way is lost. But suffering, when conquered by a calm and Christian endurance, when felt keenly, and yet felt as the blow of love, is changed into the power of consolation. And so the true woman, to whom this is natural, has overcome her sorrow without forgetting it in the manner most conducive to the practical power of consoling others, and that in a way to which men more rarely can attain. Surely this view opens to womanhood a wondrous mission.

We have said that women are more keenly susceptible of suffering than men. The principle on which this is founded is, that the spiritual\* is more delicate than the physical and intellectual. Now, in a woman, the spiritual is predominant, and therefore she is more receptive of, and sensitive to, impressions of every class. In accordance with this, her physical organization is more delicate than man's, as it is to be the channel of finer intima-

tions, and the medium of tenderer shades of sensation. Now, from this inward and corresponding outward fineness of organization arises—so far as relates to *ideas transmitted through the senses*—much of the thought, and joy, and sorrow of a true woman's life. Hence her feelings are more subtle and more easily excited than ours; hence her feelings are keener and deeper, though not so strong as ours; hence it is that she collects delight from a smile, and happy thoughts from a word; hence it is that she entails sorrow on her heart from causes which were not meant to create it; hence it is that the slightest looks encourage hope when she loves, and that she will grasp at a passing expression, and gather it like a flower; hence it is that when her love has been cast away, and she feels the object unworthy, she will yet cherish the memory of what has been, and find a sad delight in ignoring the present, and living in the past.

Hence it is that women are earlier in life more thoughtful than men, for their delicate inward being receives things which, with another tendency of womanhood, they lay up with a conservative instinct in their hearts—things, and looks, and words, which the sharp, objective vivacity of boyhood passes over. And this extends itself through all existence. And women have a wondrous intertwined symphony of inner and most delicate thought which forms a second life, whose mystic music men have never heard—have not even, we believe, conceived.

It will afterward be seen how this peculiarity fits them for discharging a peculiar office in literature.

It is true that this thoughtfulness does not produce great works, and is not manifest to the world. But for this there are obvious reasons. The things of the inner heart are ever unutterable in language. Speech fades before the power of feeling.

\* By "spiritual" we mean all that pertains, not only to the spirit, but also to the heart.

"For words are weak, and most to seek,  
When wanted fifty-fold."



And not only unutterable, but also unspeakable. There broods above them a hallowed air, to break whose waves with speech were sacrilege. To vulgarize her inmost self, no idea can be to woman more full of shuddering than that. It is hers by right of possession, and no kaiser or king may touch with despotic hand that mystic woof and warp of thought which shares her loneliness with God. Men see it only in the undefiled and fleeting changes of the face—in all the cloudlike shiftings of expression—in the individuality of manner, but never as it is.

True is this also of men. In our inmost nature we are all alone—

“Each in his hidden sphere of joy and woe,  
Our hermit spirits dwell and range apart.”

But it is naturally and more especially true of women.

And again, arising from this delicacy of inward organization, joined to its outward and fitting vehicle, women are more receptive of natural beauty than men. In a peculiar way, however. The man admires the landscape as a whole, with all its parts bound together by one law into a glorious unity; his eye dwells with pleasure on the sunset sky, and on the everlasting downfall of the cataract; but he pierces beyond the pleasure of sensation, and marks the various waving of the cloud march in its obedience to law, and the majestic submission of the water atoms to the force of gravitation; he sees the harmony of the evening vapors with the land and sea they hover over; he combines the sound of the cataract with the silence of the pines, and its white and leaping radiance with the rainbow which arches there, and with the darkness of the swift eddies which, in the hollowed pool beneath, contrast with the foam above. For man's idea of beauty is not complete, till he has added to the pleasure of the eye and ear, the sense of harmony and law—and in him the latter often predominates over the former. But women rarely generalize thus, and

never possess in the same fullness this power of reference to law, which is the parent in the artist of his greatest gift—harmonious composition. Her pleasure is more the result of fine sensational impressions, and she is entranced by the minutenesses of nature, and by the portions of a landscape. The violet which nestles in the moss beneath the oak is dearer to her than the thought of the law of its growth. The fern which shakes its penciled shadow in the still pool of the mountain-stream is the object of tenderer love to her than the law of its reflection. The delicacy of color in the light and breezy cirrus which lengthens forth its golden fibers to follow the sun it loves, is sweeter to her than the knowledge of its harmony of tone with every tint in sea and land beneath it. “I feel, I feel,” she cries, “do not destroy my keen and silvery delight by reasons and by law. The loveliness of all and each enters my heart, and fills it to the brim—I have no room for thought; and when the beauty I have seen returns on me at night,

‘And strikes upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude,’

it is mine not to reason on, but to mingle with my inner life, to add delicacy to my associations and my past, to exalt my spirit more and more to the high region where all beauty shall be perfect, and all purity be stainless.” Thus, in womanhood's gaze at nature the emotional predominates over the intellectual, and the sense of the delicacy of the parts overcomes her appreciation of the whole. And from these grounds, and from a consequence naturally following, we shall hereafter deduce the position and mission of women in artistic life.

The same principles apply to the reception by women of all beauty, whether in art or music, or in the higher beauty, which appeals to their intellect and spirit in poetry or religion, in noble words or noble action. Such are some of the effects of delicacy of inward organization in connec-



tion with ideas received through the senses.

And resulting from all these there is another characteristic which belongs to womanhood: deep unsatisfaction. We do not say dissatisfaction, but unsatisfaction. A woman is not satisfied with approximation to her ideal, but desires ever to be the very thing she wishes to be. Now her spiritual nature, which delicatizes the minute, aspires to be equal in the smallest point to her ideal, and the consequence is that she becomes not only confused in the multitude of thoughts, but also the more she advances the higher does her ideal become. Hence results deep unsatisfaction, a deep sense of her own weakness, which, had she not as deep a trust, would end in despair.

These two, high ideals and deep unsatisfaction, follow her through life; and, whether she be artist or writer, musician or religionist,—that is, whether she strive to realize the intuitive beauty, or the intuitive love of goodness within her, she will either lose the power of expression from the overwhelming emotions which overcome her, or she will want that sense of self-confidence, which, above all, must belong to him or her who greatly creates in art or literature, or greatly invents in science. Hence it is that woman does not invent or create at first hand. She does create, truly create at second hand; but this we shall more fully enter into afterward.

And now, what is the quality of pure womanhood which binds all these into a whole? What is the bond of her perfectness? It is purity. Without that her life is a ship which has lost its rudder.

There it lies, sleeping on a calm sea, with its shrouds penciled against the golden sky, and its sails opening their snowy folds in loveliness, with its tapering masts and fair-built hull reflected in mass and wavering lines down into the summer sea—beautiful and fair vision, dreaming on the ocean of existence. But the winds of trial

begin to blow, and the temptations of life arise in waves, and the sharp hail of sorrow, and the scathing lightnings beat and dazzle on her fairness; and when the tempest has past, where is that phantom of delight? She lies on the cold rocks, and shattered, and despised, and lost, for the rudder of purity was not there.

But where purity is, where a woman has kept that palladium safe from hostile hand, and defiling touch or thought, there every quality and power is sanctified and ennobled, exalted and refined; and if trial or temptation, sorrow or dismay, should wake in wrath or woe upon her, the woman who is pure within keeps her life unstained and perfect, like Alpine snow which is beaten by the rain and hail into the more crystal clearness of the glacier ice, and swept by the tempest into the more dazzling spotlessness which glitters on the aiguille.

Such is something of the glory of pure womanhood. To be true to that which we have but imperfectly described, how noble a mission! No vaster field of work is given to man, no greater resulting possibilities of action lie before manhood in this world. It remains for us to say to man, in whatever position God has placed you, work there with truth to pure manhood, and you will fulfill your mission; to woman, in whatever position God has placed you, work there with truth to pure womanhood, and you will fulfill your mission; to both, never repine, never seek to step beyond yourselves, never violate your natural character or temperament voluntarily, never bind yourselves to any particular mode of action—be free, faithful, unfearing, wise. Be content, and know that where you are, there is the best place, and there your noblest mission.

Lastly, these powers of pure womanhood, which we have been describing, are spiritual powers. We have used the word spiritual as embracing under it all in us that is not physical or intellectual, all that be-



longs to the heart and spirit. We do not say that women have not intellectual or physical powers, nor that men have not spiritual; but this we do say, that in man the two former predominate, in woman the latter. Every action and thought of womanhood is penetrated by, and draws its life from, and has its foundation on, her spiritual powers. We can call to mind no purely intellectual or physical work done by a woman. Her heart and spirit give the motives of her life. She arrives at truth, she is an artist, thinker, worker, by her spiritual powers. She must be educated, redeemed, exalted by appeals to these. She is all she is by them; she lives, and dies, and loves, and suffers through these, by these she is trained for heaven.

Now, from a false perversion, or rather from an ignorant persuasion of this truth, the common proverb, which we hear from men, as arisen: "A woman's strength is her weakness." The real origin of the saying is this: most men think that only strong which openly appears strong, or is manifested in forcible results. But they can not also help seeing that woman prevails where they have failed, that she does a mighty work in the world, and possesses enormous influence, and then they leap to the conclusion that she wins because she is weak, and that they give way to her because it is manly to give way to that which has no power of resistance; as if it were manly to surrender to weakness at all times. No; men give way, women have strength and influence because they work by powers which, to the coarse and ignorant, appear weak, but which in reality are the strongest.

If we look, then, largely on humanity as a whole, made up of womanhood and manhood, we arrive at this final result: Womanhood is the spirit of humanity; manhood, the body and mind. She bears the same relation to humanity as the contemplative and feeling powers in an individual do to

the reasoning and active. Without either, humanity would be no more; separated, humanity is useless, the world is at a dead lock; together, hand in hand, and heart in heart, our fallen but divine humanity advances nobly, freely, usefully to do its work, eliminating slowly and unconsciously out of unknown quantities the great equation which shall be, when the race, emerging from many an Æonian storm, shall at last progress into that golden year which all high hearts, and all fair song, and all true philosophy, has prophesied for man.

### THE KISS AHINT THE DOOR.

There's meikle bliss in ae fond kiss,  
Whyles mair than in a score;  
But wae betak' the stonin smack  
I took ahint the door.

"O laddie whisht; for sic a fricht  
I ne'er was in afore,  
Fu' brawly did my mither hear  
The kiss ahint the door."  
The wa's are thick, ye needna fear,  
But gin they jeer an' mock,  
I'll swear it was a startit cork,  
Or wyte the rusty lock.  
There's meikle bliss, etc.

We stappit ben, while Maggie's face  
Was like a lowin' coal;  
And as for me I could ha'e crept  
Into a rabbit's hole.  
The mither lookt, save's how she lookt!  
Thae mithers are a bore,  
An' gleg as ony cat to hear  
A kiss ahint the door.  
There's meikle bliss, etc.

The douce gudeman, though he was there,  
As weel micht been in Rome,  
For by the fire he fuff'd his pipe,  
And never fash'd his thoom;  
But titterin' in a corner stood  
The gawky sisters four,  
A winter's nicht for me they micht  
Hae stood ahint the door.  
There's meikle bliss, etc.

"How daur ye tak' sic freedoms here?"  
The bauld gudewife began,  
Wi' that a foursome yell gat up,  
I to my heels an' ran;  
A besom whikit by my lug,  
An' dishclouts half a score:  
Catch me again, though fidgin' fain,  
At kissin' 'hint the door.  
There's meikle bliss, etc.

T. C. L.



## THE UNWILLING WIFE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

"SISTER Henrietta, please do not urge this matter further. Mr. Hazlehurst is positively disagreeable to me!"

"Nonsense! Isabel! only a girl's foolish fancy! Pray, what more could you desire in a husband than you would find in Mr. Hazlehurst? He is rich, influential, respected in society above all others; and every one confesses that his claims to manly beauty are not small. You are fastidious to require more!"

"Perhaps so! but I do, nevertheless. I require what Mr. Hazlehurst can never give me; it is his right to receive that which I can never bestow on him! Henrietta, it is an old-fashioned belief that only mutual love offers a secure foundation for the rendering up of vows important as those of marriage, and I have always been a convert to that doctrine!"

"Very true, my sister—but your heart is now smarting under a bereavement—a bereavement which bears a hidden blessing in its sting! You have been a long time affianced to George Sydney, and now, a light pecuniary misfortune has shown you the strength of his affection, and driven him from your side. You are not now prepared to think calmly and dispassionately of a future union with any man; and for some reason, it seems you have taken an unwarrantable dislike to Mr. Hazlehurst. I will not urge the subject further, but allow me to ask you to think well before you give your final decision."

"I *have* thought of it, Henrietta, and I have only to repeat that should I marry Mr. Hazlehurst, I should do him a great wrong—a wrong for which I am unwilling to take the responsibility upon my soul! Is there no other way to aid poor Charles?"

"Again—that question? Isabel, the strong common-sense, for which you have been so much commended, has evidently left you. Permit me

to review, briefly, the occurrences of the last six months. Charles Granville, our brother, is left by his father without a fortune—dependent upon his own exertions for a livelihood. Kindly and generously he is admitted into the establishment of Hazlehurst & Co. as accountant. Unknown to his friends, he falls into bad company—temptation assails him—he is unable to resist,—he loses large sums at the gaming-table—his honor becomes involved, and in an evil moment, forsaken by his good angel, he commits a forgery upon the name of his employers, intending to pay back the amount. His crime is discovered; his act of false dishonesty is known! You may be aware of the punishment which the law inflicts on the forger? They could give him up to justice—to disgrace—to a prison!—to eternal death! Mark the difference of intention. Instead of this, the senior partner of the firm our brother has injured, a man of fine personal appearance, superior education, and immense wealth, offers you his hand in marriage; thus making the sin of our brother his own family secret, and covering his disgrace beneath the shield of his own spotless honor! Consider this proposal magnanimous in another light. One year ago, you were betrothed to a young man of proud family—one whom you loved—one who, you thought, loved you in return. Two months after your betrothal—when the marriage day was appointed, and the wedding garments bespoken—our father died. An investigation of his business affairs proved his estate insolvent; his great wealth has been swept away in commercial speculations—his children find themselves reduced to penury. Your devoted lover becomes, as it were, a new being; his professed regard is changed—reduced—obliterated! He pleads a prior attachment, and leaves you to decide his fate. Your decision, Isabel, was that of a true woman! Had you done otherwise I should have scorned you—I should have regretted



that ever a sister was born to me! You dismissed him calmly, coldly, quietly, as unworthy further thought. For this I honor you. Prove yourself, then, not undeserving my extended respect. You may be Charles' salvation, or condemnation, as you choose. Think well before you consign your only brother to everlasting reproach!"

The door closed behind the retreating form of Henrietta Raymond, and Isabel was alone. For a whole hour, measured by the Gothic time-piece upon the mantel, the poor girl remained with her head bowed upon her folded arms, and her eyes closed in meditation.

Then she arose, pushed back the heavy bands of hair from her forehead, advanced to the bell-cord, and rang. Shortly a servant appeared.

"James, ask Mrs. Raymond to come down."

But a little time elapsed ere Henrietta made her appearance.

"Well, Isabel?"

"Sister, I have decided. I will marry Mr. Hazlehurst!"

Isabel's face was ashy pale, but her voice was steady and composed. A flash of joyful satisfaction lit up the countenance of Mrs. Raymond, and she would have embraced her sister, but Isabel drew back with an impatient gesture.

"God bless you, Isabel! You have saved the honor of our family,—perhaps the everlasting destruction of our brother, for the terrible ordeal of courts and prisons would have been too much for him! And now, shall I send the accepted lover to your presence?"

"Henrietta, did you mark well my form of expression? I said I would marry Mr. Hazlehurst; but, if I rightly recollect, no allusion was made to loving him! Spare me that mockery, at least. I do not love the man; I shall make no treacherous professions of the tender feeling toward him; but if my life is spared, I will be to him the thing which he wishes—an

ornament to his parlors, and the machine which is to keep his domestic affairs in 'running order.' Now, leave me, Henrietta, I wish to be alone."

The conversation of the sisters has revealed enough of the family history, without extended explanation. For the rest, Henrietta was the wife of a distinguished lawyer in the city of Portland; and Isabel Granville, since the death of her father, had found a home with Mrs. Raymond.

Both the sisters were beautiful, although scarcely a resemblance existed between them. Henrietta was a light-haired, blue-eyed, rosy-lipped *blonde*, with a warm heart, an impulsive nature, and a broad stratum of common-sense underlying her whole character. She rarely advised, and then, never without a sure conviction of her correctness; and the reader has seen how much her influence was able to work upon the sterner nature of her sister.

Isabel Granville was a woman whom you would have singled out from a crowd; not so much for her beauty, as for the steady light of truth and earnestness which beamed from her eyes, and stamped every feature of her face. You felt, instinctively, that she could be trusted with the most secret thoughts of your heart without fear of betrayal; she would never deceive you, and all her actions were open to the eye of the world. For all this, her nature was strongly reticent; she made no confidants, although she won many to confide in her.

Her education was solid, rather than ornamental; but her musical powers were highly superior, and had been carefully cultivated. Her voice had a peculiar thrill of sweetness, and when once heard, was never forgotten.

William Hazlehurst had met Isabel often in the refined circles in which he moved, and for the first time in his life, his heart was interested. He had



for some time been the peculiar target for match-making mothers, and by them he had begun to be considered as invulnerable. He was twenty-nine years of age,—five years established in his profession, the law; and as Mrs. Raymond had said, he was wealthy and influential, both in the legal and mercantile world, for he was the head of a large commercial firm.

Nothing daunted by the invariable coldness of Isabel, he had offered her his hand, and she had asked three days to consider the proposal.

When the time had expired, Mr. Hazlehurst came for her reply, and Isabel went down to the parlor with a calm brow, but with a struggle in her heart. The thought of her brother saved from public disgrace nerved her in her resolution, and she gave him her decision with cold composure.

To his passionate acknowledgments of pleasure, she vouchsafed no rejoinder, but when he had ceased speaking, she said,—

“Mr. Hazlehurst, I shall make no effort to deceive you. I am unaccustomed to dissimulation, and moreover, I despise it. Therefore, I prefer to tell you the truth. You know of my former engagement—you are, also, advised of the rude manner in which that tie was sundered. I loved Mr. Sydney once; now I can regard him only with contemptuous indifference. But while ceasing to love him, it changes not my feeling toward others. Mr. Hazlehurst, I do not love *you*; I wish you to distinctly understand that I make no professions of this kind in the connection. I say this to you freely and frankly—I would deceive no person, for I have felt the sharp sting of misplaced confidence. If, knowing all, you still wish to make me your wife,—my consent is given.”

A flush of involuntary pain crossed the forehead of Mr. Hazlehurst; but directly, he replied,—

“Miss Granville, I thank you for speaking the truth, even though the

thought that it is the truth wounds me deeply. Loving, or unloving, I will take you, trusting to time, and the fidelity of a heart which has never owned other allegiance, to win at least your favor, if not your love.”

“You will oblige me, sir, by not alluding to *love*. Our compact is to be *marriage*, if I rightly understand,—and now, for the present, adieu. You will exercise your right of calling, whenever inclination prompts you. Good morning, Mr. Hazlehurst.” She bowed, and passed from the room.

\* \* \* \* \*

Time passed on; and the wedding-day was fixed. Mr. Hazlehurst's house in Leroy Square was in readiness,—he had long kept his own establishment,—and he was anxious that its proper mistress should take possession. Isabel offered no objection to a speedy union; so long as it was inevitable, she cared not how soon it was over.

The ceremony was performed in church; and from the perfume of orange flowers, and the soft, fluttering breaths of the bridal veil, Isabel awoke to find herself a wife,—installed in a home of her own, the sole proprietress of a multitude of graceful apartments, fitted up in a style of almost oriental splendor. There were well-trained servants to obey her slightest bidding; a carriage and horses ever at her command; but her heart found no content amid all the elegancies of this princely establishment.

Fully, now, she realized the extent of the sacrifice she had made to preserve her brother's honor.

Mr. Hazlehurst was all that the most exacting woman could require. Polite, attentive, even tender; but his wife sighed softly to herself when she thought how utterly impossible it was for her to love him, in return for his kindness. She, scorning deception, received all his lover-like demonstrations with uniform coldness, and after a time, her indifference had its legiti-



mate effect, and he ceased all passionate professions of attachment.

They entertained much company, and were much abroad in society; but nothing could exceed the calm courtesy with which Mrs. Hazlehurst received the congratulations of her friends, and the gratified expressions of satisfaction with which Mrs. Raymond often annoyed her.

Every one was loud in their praise of the extreme beauty and grace of Mrs. Hazlehurst, and admirers clustered thickly about her, only to be repelled and astonished by the cool contempt with which she rebuked their silly flatteries.

By degrees, the quiet care which her husband took for every thing pertaining to her happiness, so wrought upon the noble nature of Isabel, that she began to feel a new and strange interest in the man she had wedded without love. This change came slowly, and almost imperceptibly, but it was a most delightful one; and often she caught herself wondering over the lightness of her heart, and the unusual buoyancy of her spirits.

She began to wait impatiently, at night, for her husband's return home; to feel inquietude if he failed to arrive punctually; to blush like a girl at the sound of his footsteps on the stairs. Still, her manner toward him remained unchanged, for as yet, she was unable to interpret aright the new feelings which she entertained for him.

Returning home, at dusk, from a visit to one of the many poor families which she was in the habit of visiting to dispense her charities, her husband passed her in a carriage. She glanced up, and saw that by his side was a young and beautiful girl, dressed with exquisite taste and elegance. Her face was fresh, fair, and lovely,—the blue eyes were raised to those of Mr. Hazlehurst, while his head was bent so low toward her, that the raven blackness of his hair mingled with the golden locks upon her forehead.

A sharp pang shot through Isabel's

heart as she gazed. A year ago, she could not have believed that any circumstance could have led her to feel such an agony for William Hazlehurst. Pale and trembling, she hastened home, and flung herself upon a sofa, to think—she said to herself—calmly over the matter. But her brain was in a whirl, she was powerless to control her thoughts, and she experienced a temporary sensation of relief when she was summoned to the parlor to entertain a gay company of visitors. Their lively small talk helped her, for the time, to drive away the dull, dead conviction of what she had seen.

The following morning, after the breakfast things had been taken away, Mr. Hazlehurst said,—holding the door in his hand,—

“Urgent business calls me to New York for a few days, and as I shall go on by the noon train, I shall not, probably, have the pleasure of seeing you again before my departure. You will not be lonely during my absence—your friends will give you much of their society, and my loss will not be felt?”

He spoke as though he hoped that her answer might be a disclaimer of the sentiment he had uttered. But no; though she longed to say something different, her pride forbade her. She scorned to question him on the occurrence of yesterday—the honor of her husband should be above suspicion. She replied,—

“Whenever *business* calls Mr. Hazlehurst away, it is the duty of his wife to submit.”

Her strong emphasis on the word *business* gave the gentleman a start; he turned, and looked searchingly into her face, but evidently failing to read its expression, he touched her hand lightly to his lips, bowed, and left the apartment.

The moment he had gone, Isabel was seized with a desire to follow him to the depot, and scarcely stopping to wrap herself in a large shawl, she went out. She was just in time to



see a close carriage driven to the platform; her husband issued hurriedly from the gentlemen's room, and opening the carriage door, assisted the lady of the golden hair to alight. He held her in his arms a moment, and as he put her down he kissed her pure forehead. Isabel was so very near that she distinctly heard the words he addressed to the strange lady.

"Helen, dearest! I so feared you would be too late! All is well—I would risk every thing for your sake! You are all, the only one that is left to love me!"

Then, he drew her into the waiting car,—seated himself beside her,—the bell rang,—there was a rumble, as of distant thunder, and the cars vanished from Isabel's sight.

She went home, slowly and deliberately, as one in a somnambule sleep. Her senses were benumbed—her strong love of virtue and honor outraged; the man whom she had regarded as faultless in integrity had been unmasked—a picture of shame and sin! And this was her husband. The one whose name she bore, whose home she shared—ay, the one to whom her heart was beginning to cling with all the firm tenacity of her woman's nature. Now she knew that latterly she had loved William Hazlehurst—that for weeks his presence had been dearer to her than the adulation of the crowd, and the specious voice of soft-toned flattery.

The realization came too late. She felt herself disgraced by harboring one tender feeling toward one so degraded—and summoning all her resolution, she penned the following brief note:

MR. HAZLEHURST,—Sir: Duty bids me to leave your house, and I obey her command implicitly, feeling how utterly impossible it would be for me to render respect to the man who deceitfully pleads business as an excuse for his absence with a paramour.

Yours, etc. ISABEL GRANVILLE.

The wronged wife sealed this letter, and laid it upon the dressing-table in her husband's chamber. Then, she

returned to her own room, and selecting the plainest dress her wardrobe contained, she put it on, and making a small bundle of some simple articles which she needed, she wrapped a shawl around her, and set out for the residence of her sister.

Henrietta and Mr. Raymond were out riding, the servant said, and Isabel went in to await their return.

Alas! woe and desolation were in store for that once happy home, and the grim feet of Death were drawing nigh to its threshold!

They came home—both of them—the husband and wife,—but how? Mr. Raymond was beyond all earthly solicitude, and Henrietta bruised, bleeding, and dying! It was all briefly explained to the horrified Isabel in a few words.

The horse which Mr. Raymond had driven, was a spirited animal, and just beyond the limits of the city he had been frightened by a kite—he had become unmanageable, upset the carriage, and flung its occupants violently against a curb stone. Mr. Raymond was killed instantly, but Henrietta still lived; and thus they came home.

The physician who was called pronounced Henrietta's injuries fatal, but she lingered in great pain until sunrise the next morning. Her last words were addressed to Isabel, as the latter sat, speechless with grief, at her bedside.

"My sister, I am dying—going to join Harry,—and for this I am thankful. I could not live apart from him! And sister, now, with the sharpened vision of one nearing the confines of eternity, I see for you much happiness in this world! You have enjoyed but little—I know it well,—but the future will atone for all! Remember, Isabel, your dying sister tells you that you will be happy!"

And holding the hands of her brother and sister—her spirit passed away.

\* \* \* \* \*

Charles Granville, redeemed, perhaps, from a life of infamy by his sis-



ter's marriage with Mr. Hazlehurst, was inexpressibly shocked and indignant when informed of the suspicious conduct of that sister's husband. He cursed himself as the wretched cause of all her unhappiness—and over the coffin of Henrietta he made a solemn vow never to bring a pang of grief to the heart of Isabel by his own volition, so long as God should spare his life.

After what had passed, he would remain no longer in the service of Mr. Hazlehurst—he could not tolerate the presence of the man who had so foully disgraced his sister.

Immediately after the funeral of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond, young Granville accompanied Isabel to the distant village of Beechdell, where a sister of their mother resided, who would gladly give her niece a home so long as she might require it. Having seen his sister safely arrived there, Charles Granville went back to Portland to attend to the settlement of the affairs of his late brother-in-law, and afterward, to get employment in some dry-goods establishment as clerk.

When he had gone, Isabel, after the first few days, grew restless and uneasy; her mind dwelt continually on her husband, and other emotions than that of indignation stirred her nature toward him. She was angry with herself, when she realized that she felt grief at his conduct—she was vexed that, away from him, she lost the sweet sense of content which she had recently enjoyed.

Much to the scandal of her good Aunt Mary, Isabel proposed engaging in some active employment, which would not only occupy her mind, but assist in her support; and as she was admirably qualified for a music-teacher, she, ere long, decided to offer herself to the people of Beechdell in that capacity.

By a stroke of good fortune, she obtained the patronage of Mrs. Cheswill, of Cheswill Hall, the most aristocratic lady in the place, and directly, several other families, aping their leader, en-

gaged Isabel as instructress for their children. So in a very short space of time she had a large class of pupils; and her method giving excellent satisfaction, she found herself able to earn sufficient for her comfortable subsistence without depending upon her aunt.

Cheswill Hall, whither Miss Granville (Isabel had dropped the name of Hazlehurst) went every day, was a miracle of taste and elegance. Old, gray, and massive was the main body of the building, but additions that had been made from time to time in a modern style of architecture, gave the place an air of lightness and comfort which gratified inexpressibly the eye of the beholder. Creeping vines climbed luxuriantly over the windows, and twined the white pillars of the wide piazzas, while the magnificent beeches, which grew spontaneously, threw a shade like twilight into all the apartments.

Glimpses of the blue, gliding Merrimack could be had at intervals, between breaks in the line of foliage; and afar off the peaks of the dark mountains lifted up their heads to drink in the red light of sunset. There were great rocks, and green dells, and quiet "ingles," all around the broad domain of Cheswill, and the love of nature in Isabel's bosom was daily and hourly gratified by the loveliness of Cheswill.

At the Hall, Miss Granville was received not as an inferior, but as an equal, and her connection with this pleasant family seemed to bid fair to bring her content, if not happiness.

Eugenie Cheswill, a young lady about seventeen years of age, was her pupil, and to a younger sister, Alice, she gave lessons in penciling. Thus, she was much at the Hall, and often in the company of St. John Cheswill, the only son, and heir of Cheswill Hall.

St. John was about twenty-five, tall, finely formed, and handsome almost to a fault. He was impetuous, warm-hearted, and generous; and



bestowed an admiration of the intensest kind upon Miss Granville.

He, of course, knew nothing of her previous history—nor did he care; he loved her, and was unaccustomed to look for any obstacle in the path of his wishes. The world might say just what it pleased, he had a right to choose whom he willed, and if he could win Isabel Granville for a wife, he would do it in the face of the English blood and nobility from which the Cheswills were descended!

His lover-like attentions were most distressing to Isabel, and she strove by every means in her power to show him how very disagreeable his untiring perseverance had become to her. But her coldness only increased his ardor, and at last, he resolved to bring matters to a crisis. They were left alone for a little while, and improving the favorable opportunity, St. John flung himself at her feet, and besought her favor.

Isabel, shocked and distressed beyond measure, threw off the hand with which he clasped hers, and would have rushed from the room without a word, but he grasped her arm, and detained her.

"No, Miss Granville, you shall not go until my fate is decided! Speak, and tell me if I have loved in vain!"

"You have—you have, indeed!" she cried passionately. "St. John Cheswill, let me go! I am the wife of another!"

She hurried from him, leaving him petrified by her words; and throwing on her bonnet and shawl, she quitted the house. Down the broad sloping avenue she flew rather than walked—out of the great gate into the green, quiet lane, which led down to the village. Half way down the lane, breathless with her flight, she paused a moment to collect herself, and sitting down on the green bank of the alder-hung brook, she buried her face in her hands. The quick tread of an approaching horse disturbed her, and rising, she found herself face to face with her husband! He sprang from

his horse, and laid his hand firmly, though gently, upon her shoulder, for she was hastening away.

"Nay, Isabel, Providence has cast you in my way, and you shall not go until we fully understand each other!"

"I understand enough, sir! Permit me to pass on!"

The old haughtiness came back to her face—she made an effort to escape, but his strong arm held her fast.

"Not until I clear my character of the black shadow which you see upon it; not until I prove to you that though I may never possess your love, I am yet worthy of your respect! Isabel, the woman with whom you have associated me in crime, is my sister! You start, and look surprised,—you were unaware that such a relationship was mine,—allow me to relate to you a brief story?"

Isabel bowed her head, with a strange feeling of wonder and curiosity, and he continued,—

"Years ago, a young and fair woman saw the earth close over the coffin of her husband, and found herself and her little son alone in the world to fight the fierce battle of life. Her fortune was small, but with careful management it yielded her a comfortable maintenance; and for nine years she remained a widow. At the expiration of that time, she met and loved Grant Welburn, the only child of a proud and aristocratic family in Boston. Welburn was a noble-hearted fellow, and the young widow became very dear to him, first from her resemblance to a dear sister who had been dead for some years—afterward for herself. He felt that he could enjoy no happiness unshared by her; and very urgently he besought her to consent to a private union. His father was aged and feeble; a man of immense wealth and indomitable pride; he had set his heart on having his son become the husband of some woman of a family equal in social worth to his own, and his sanction could not be obtained to the marriage



of Grant with the comparatively obscure widow. The eloquence of her lover won her over, for with true womanly unselfishness, she placed Grant's interest before her own—and the two were wedded privately at the residence of the aged clergyman of the village. The only witness to the ceremony was Col. Wright, a naval officer, and a strong friend of the bridegroom. The fact of this marriage was to be kept secret until Grant had firmly established himself in business, for until then he could not afford to brave the anger of his father. Eighteen months flitted by in a dream of bliss to the two thus clandestinely mated; and then Mrs. Welburn became the mother of a daughter! Such an event could not be hidden from the eyes of the curious villagers, and the fair fame of the unacknowledged wife was blackened, and her name bandied about the streets. Grant Welburn could not bear this: and from New York, where he was located in business, he set forth for Boston—resolved to disclose all, and throw himself upon the mercy of his father. In this purpose, Death defeated him. In the great railroad collision which at that time sent mourning to many a home, Grant Welburn met his end! The first terrible shock of his sudden death over, Mrs. Welburn thought of her child. Its innocence must be substantiated—its birth cleansed from stain! Alas! how was it to be done? Weak and feeble she arose from her bed of sickness, and set on foot measures to prove her marriage with the late Mr. Welburn. It was in vain. The minister who had married them, had lain for some months in the tomb, and the marriage certificate had been given into the keeping of Col. Wright, for safety. As ill-luck would have it, the ship to which Wright belonged had been ordered to India; and not a week before the birth of Mrs. Welburn's child, the foreign newspapers had contained notices of the death of Col. Wright. Thus was she cut off from all chance

of proving the legitimacy of her child. I will not weary you by relating the many fruitless pilgrimages which she made to her husband's family—I will not tell you of the bitter scorn with which they sent her away from their door;—and at last, broken-hearted, and despairing, she yielded up her life!"

Mr. Hazelhurst paused, and for several moments remained with his face buried in his hands. Presently, he continued,—

"Her boy, then fifteen years of age, was kindly adopted by a gentleman of benevolence, as well as wealth, residing in a neighboring city, and through his patron's kindness, he was educated for the bar. The girl, Helen, then five years old, was placed by the same good man, with a respectable family in a western village, to board. Her birth, and its attendant circumstances, were a secret to her protectors, and untaunted by her playmates, Helen Welburn grew up to womanhood, lovely in mind and person. Her brother regarded her with pride and affection,—ay, with love—tender and true as that which a lover gives to his mistress. His sister was a part of himself, and he only prayed to live until he could see her acknowledged by her father's kindred, and placed in that sphere of life to which she rightfully belonged. He brooded much upon this subject, and people called him cold and self-absorbed, when he was only grieving because of his mother's wrongs. At the age of twenty-nine, he loved, for the first time. This new passion intensified his whole life, and changed him into a new being. But the girl upon whom he lavished all this heart-wealth, was simply indifferent to him—she loved no other—but she loved not him. Her friends urged her to marry him; she frankly told him her sentiments, leaving him at liberty to risk all, and take her, or endure the deeper wretchedness of going away from her presence forever! He grasped at this frail hope of happiness, and made her



his wife! Immediately after his marriage, he wrote to his sister and told her the story of his love. His wife, he said, was proud, but she had a noble nature, and she would not cast Helen out from her heart because the false world deemed her the offspring of shame. But Helen said differently. If the bride loved not the brother, she would despise the sister,—and with her arms about her brother's neck, and her tears on his cheek, she made him promise, never to reveal the fact of her existence to his wife, until it could be made clear to the eyes of all men that her mother was lawfully married to Grant Welburn. She felt that some time, in some manner, this would be; and until then she could wait for a sister's love! Subsequent events proved Helen correct in her presentiment. Col. Wright had not died, as the papers had stated—he had only been very ill, and immediately after his recovery, his regiment having been ordered to a distant frontier, he had found no time to contradict the rumor. Accidentally, Helen's brother met this Col. Wright in New York, soon after the return of the latter to the United States, and by a strange interposition of Providence, they became mutually acquainted. Of course, the wrong was righted,—the marriage certificate of Mr. and Mrs. Welburn was produced—and the name of Juliette Welburn was as fair in the eyes of the world as the light of heaven! Isabel,—the lady who accompanied me to New York was Helen Welburn; and William Hazlehurst, the son of the widow, stands before you! It was to bring my sister to her father's relatives that I visited New York, for she would not consent to see you until she was duly acknowledged as Grant Welburn's daughter. That has taken place. Her aged grandmother, long repentant for the part she had played toward her son's wife, received Helen with open arms, and to-day my sister is the lawful heiress of a great fortune! Mr. Cheswill is a distant relative of our family, and having, by dint

of much inquiry, learned that you had come to Beechdell, I had thought, perhaps, to learn of him, something concerning your whereabouts. I wished to clear myself in your eyes, Isabel; for if I am nothing to you, I could not bear that you should think me guilty of such a crime against you! If I have sinned in keeping all this a secret, forgive me!"

Isabel laid both her hands in his. A strange, sweet happiness filled her soul.

"God be thanked—William!" she said fervently. "God be thanked!"

Mr. Hazlehurst started, and a deep flush of crimson swept up to his brow. He looked searchingly into her face as he spoke,—

"What means it, Isabel? Why did you call me, William! Why did you thank God that I am not what I seemed?"

The tones of her reply were low and broken, but he heard her.

"Because, at last, I have loved you!"

Still he seemed to doubt, and again his dark, earnest eyes searched her face.

"Isabel, you would not deceive me? Tell me, if at last, my love so long wasted, has met with a response?"

He opened his arms, and she went to them, gladly and trustfully as a child goes to the breast of its mother.

In that hour all was understood, and the prophecy of Henrietta was fulfilled.

But little more remains to be told.

Resting their happiness upon the secure basis of mutual love, William Hazlehurst and his wife pass through life secure in their sweet home-nest—little caring for the days of darkness through which they arrived at their great joy.

St. John Cheswill, cured of his *mal a propos* passion for Mrs. Hazlehurst, married the beautiful sister of that lady's husband—Helen Milburn; and Charles Granville has been for some years the liege lord of fair Eugenie Cheswill.

So, dear reader, our story ends happily after all.



*Mrs. Vick*

MRS. GREENFIELD'S SHOPPING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISS SLIMMENS' WINDOW."

SINCE we last had the pleasure of a chat with our readers, we have been honored by a call from our respected friend, Mrs. Greenfield, from the country. It was late in the afternoon of a hot July day, that she came into the boudoir, and we immediately ensconced her in the arm-chair, gave her our palm-leaf fan (for, as she said, she had forgotten her turkey-feather one that she made last summer), and did all we could to make her comfortable. For we like Mrs. Greenfield and a visit from her is as refreshing as a bouquet of buttercups and wild violets, or a drink from the spring that lies under the beech-tree down by the milk house of her own home. "I come to town to do some tradin' for the girls," said she. "I've been promisin' them somethin' nice this great while. They're good girls, and they've worked hard, and arnt it. Mary Jane has made all the butter and the heft of the cheese since last fall; and Belinda has helped me about the kitchen—she's got so now, she can make better pies than I kin—and has quilted three quilts, all feather pattern, besides. Their pa was so pleased with their takin' hold so, after their being to that seminary two quarters, that he said they should have what money they'd fairly arnt, the same as the boys. Belinda wanted dreadfully to come to town to-day, with me, but she couldn't be spared. Howsomever, they're coming in some day with their pa, to see things, and buy some of the gimcracks which they think ma is too old-fashioned to pick out for 'em.

"It's awful hard work, this trottin' around town, tradin'," said she, after a pause, during which she wiped her motherly countenance with a silk handkerchief. "I'd sooner be cookin' dinner for harvest hands, almost. Still, it's a change—and we country folks don't have so much variety as

not to make almost anythin', that's new, welcome. I had so much to do, too, all in one day. I had to leave that silk of Mary Jane's to be colored, and go to see about Jake's boots that he got measured for the last time he was in; then I had to go to the market-man that we send our butter to, and get the money he owed the girls; and then the amount of buyin' I've done isn't small. For see," in a lower tone, "Belinda's going to be married so soon as the summer work's mostly over! and I've been to Tiffany's and bought her a set of silver spoons—and that's goin' to be a surprise present from me—I've been laying up the money for a long time, by littles, so that nobody'd be ony the wiser for it. I've bought the wedding-dress, too, a real fine piece of India mull, six and sixpence a yard, nine yards, and thread lace for the neck and sleeves. I got Mary Jane one almost as fine, to stand up with her sister in. I wish I could show you the silk I picked out: it's such a genteel thing—I got it for a dollar a yard, full as good as I've been in the habit of payin' ten shillings for. But me! oh, my! the extravagance and waste of these city ladies? I declare it made my heart ache to think of their husbands and fathers! Every store I went into was full of 'em, and they was a buyin', and buyin'—just for the fun of it, I do believe. Nothin' less than twenty yards will do 'em—enough to make two good dresses. One lady stood aside of me when I was bargainin' for Belinda's silk, with two or three clerks bobbin' and scrapin' around in the most excruciating manner. She had enough dry goods hung about her to last her a year. 'How much do you say this pattern is?' she said, looking at a delicate layloc that would sile the first time it was wore. 'Only forty dollars,' said the clerk, 'full forty yards in the pattern—double skirt, robe at keel—latest importation, reduced from sixty dollars—cost fifty-two and a half, positively!—cheapest dress we've sold



this season, and the most stylish. We lose on it, madam, positively!—but must be sold at any sacrifice, the season is so dull.’ ‘Ah, yes,’ said the lady, ‘times are hard and money is scarce! My husband says I must economize as much as possible, at present, till affairs rally. But I do not see how I can economize any better than to buy this silk. To be sure, I do not exactly need it; but, as you say, there’s a clear gain of twenty dollars on the pattern, and that, certainly, is worth having.’ ‘Yes,’ m, responded the clerk, quickly, ‘very true, madam—precisely so! You make just twenty dollars, and we lose. That’s the true economy—buy a thing when it’s cheap. It’s really the greatest bargain in the store!—a magnificent silk—just suits your style. Shall we send it home, madam?’ So the fool said, yes, and I suppose when her husband comes home to dinner, he’ll have his appetite spoiled by having that bill for forty dollars stuck under his nose.

“I’m mighty glad,” continued Mrs. Greenfield, “that my girls was brought up in the country, away from the vanity and vexation of these city temptations, where a woman can’t set her foot out of doors without inducements to folly being held up before her eyes. To tell the truth,” said the good soul, coloring slightly, “I myself was bamfoozled into buying one more silk dress than I intended, by them pertinacious clerks. But it was a good, plain piece, really a bargain, and I guess Mary Jane won’t be sorry! I didn’t get myself any thin’, though, but a calico, warranted not to fade, nine yards for a dollar. I got some handkerchiefs for the boys and a hull piece of shirtin’, besides half a piece of linen for Belinda. The girls wanted me to buy ’em each a patent hoop skirt; I saw the things danglin’ about over my head in the most indelicate manner, but I was positively ashamed to ask for ’em. No! if the girls will go and make geese of themselves, putting themselves in them cages, they must ask

for ’em themselves—their mother hasn’t lost all sense of modesty yet, if she is an old woman!”

“Oh, dear, aunty,” said we, “you’ll never do to live in the city.” “I hope not,” said she, emphatically. “Give me my farm, with its meadows and woods, and the cows in the pastures, and the cool milk-house, and the little chickens chirruping in the yard, and my old man sitting in the porch in his arm-chair, and my girls and boys singing out in the orchard, Jenny sticking her nose over the gate, and the blessing of God, and I guess I’ll do, without none of your city nonsense!”

#### A GOOD NAME.

“I DON’T care what people think,” said a young lady not long since, on being told that a certain act would be viewed with disfavor by her friends. I was sorry to hear the remark, and especially from one whom I esteemed. Her character was at once depreciated in my estimation. I hold it as a general rule, that persons who are regardless of the good opinion of their fellow-men, are not likely to attain a very high position in society.

But in saying that we should desire the good opinion of others, I would not intimate that we should do any thing wrong to gain it. Nor do I consider it necessary. I believe the object may be most effectually secured by making it an invariable rule to *do right*, whatever some people may think; for, although we should not be indifferent with respect to our standing in the public estimation, a higher object is the *faithful discharge of duty*. It is gratifying, however, to know, that the more strictly we practice the right, the more certain are we to secure the public esteem. A virtuous deportment commands respect even from the bad, however disinclined they may be to follow our example or court our association.

A good name is something to be proud of. It is a just cause of gratitude as well as satisfaction, that we have been restrained from those habits and prac-



tices which debase and ruin so many characters. A good name increases our capacity for usefulness. One who does not enjoy the respect of the community has little influence for good. Usefulness is a source of happiness. There is much satisfaction in knowing that we have done good; and this satisfaction is consistent with a humble estimate of our own worth. The most conspicuous examples of usefulness—the greatest benefactors the world has known—have been found among the most “lowly in heart.”

A good name will not infallibly shield us against detraction and calumny. The best persons are some times traduced. But it should afford us consolation to know, that these occasional injuries to the character of the virtuous, if undeserved, are generally temporary. Good men outlive the effects of the most ingenious slanders. But if there should be some exceptions to this rule, and we should be among them, we may be assured that the grave will not have been long closed over us, before our good names will experience a happy resurrection, and be held in “everlasting remembrance.”

If by a course of well-doing we have gained a good name, let us be careful to preserve it. The wise man has said, “A good name is better than precious ointment”—and again, “better than great riches.” It is not only better for ourselves; it will be to our children a far richer inheritance, than would be the millions bequeathed by a Girard or an Astor.

With such evidence of the value of a good name, it is to be regretted that there are so many who, like the young lady referred to, “don’t care what people think of them.” To whom is such a name more valuable than to a young woman? What is she without it? It is painful to think how many there are of this class of persons, who seem to place a higher estimate upon the “precious ointment” with which they perfume the air in which they move, than upon the odor of a good name. C. B. A.

## FLOTILLA, THE BALLET GIRL.

With feet that were weary and worn,  
With heart that was heavy as lead,  
Flotilla appear’d on the stage  
And danced away life for her bread.  
Oft the crowd cheerily  
Called to her, wearily  
Dancing away:—  
“Flotilla—so smiling,  
Our heart is beguiling—  
Flotilla must stay.”

’Mid lights that were glaring and bright,  
’Mid hearts that were blithesome and gay,  
’Mid scenes that were brilliant and fair  
The lone-bird, Flotilla, must stay.  
She said, “Oh! wearily  
Dance I, and drearily,  
Since *he* has fled!  
Oh! why so blindly  
Loved I, and kindly?  
Would I were dead!”

With heart that beat wildly and sad,  
And pain that was racking her head,  
Flotilla, the graceful, moved on,  
And danced away life for her bread.  
“Why is poverty  
Link’d with depravity?”  
Flotilla cried.  
“Live, I must, drearily;  
Dance, I must, wearily,”  
Flotilla sigh’d.

’Mid cheers that were breaking the air,  
And heat that was scorching her brain,  
Flotilla pass’d off from the stage  
Half dizzy with sickness and pain.  
Then, sighing sadly,  
Oft weeping madly,  
Flotilla said:  
“Oh! why so wearily  
Loved I, and dearly?  
Would I were dead!”

O heart, full of deep love betrayed!  
O brain, from love’s bitterness wild!  
In the heaven afar there beams love’s true  
star—  
The All-Father will pity his child.  
Dear earth, keeping  
Rest for the weeping,  
Pillow her head;  
And stream in the flowing,  
Where flowers are growing  
Shrine the young dead!

Alas! that trusts are betray’d,  
That poison lurks in love’s flowers;  
Only One truly guards the poor maid  
And leads her to imperishable bowers.  
Love not too trustfully,  
Taste not the lustfully,  
Fearing each breath;  
Let the tongue falter  
Faith at God’s altar,  
Welcome sweet death!



## TO-MORROW.

BY MAURICE DELANCEY.

I WILL call no name in the little sketch of personal history which I am about to give, as the person of whom I shall speak might perhaps not be fully satisfied with such a proceeding, but will simply give initials and a short sketch with its moral. When R. L. left our town some five years since, he bore with him the good will and wishes of all who knew him, for he was what is usually termed, a clever fellow (an epithet, by the way, which some do not fancy as much as others), by which I mean that he was social, honest, and in a measure, industrious. It is true that some of the "well-to-do" denizens of G. shook their heads at his one-hinged gate and decaying door-steps, and averred that he was a little slack, but the majority said he would "work into it." It was early morning of a May day when R. and his young wife said farewell to G. but they had many a shake of the hand and assurances of remembrance, ere they had passed beyond the reach and sight of those who had known them from childhood. A short journey of ninety miles brought them safely to their destination; so they wrote us, and then the months and years rolled on, and we seldom heard from them.

"Clifton," sang out the conductor, as the wheels began to move more slowly through the suburbs of a village. "Clifton," I repeated, musingly, "then I will stop here, for I am weary with travel; it is getting late, and here, if I mistake not, is where R. lives." In five minutes more, with valise in hand, I was following the laconic direction which a youngster gave me, "to follow my nose till I ran against the big elm, then turn right in."

I had no difficulty in finding the big elm, still less in assuring myself, from its hearty welcome, that my visit was a timely one. "Haven't seen a soul from G. these three years," said R., rubbing his hands, "and to-day

when I broke a wish-bone with little Lou here, I wished for the sight of an old familiar face, and now it's all right. Passing over that evening's conversation, more interesting by far, to us than the reader, I will give a short talk which we had the following morning. "R.," said I, as we concluded a survey of his premises, "you have a really fine place here; seems to me you keep things a little snugger than you did in G." "I fancy so," said R., with a smile, and "I guess Jenny here can tell you how it happens." But Jenny (his wife) preferred not to tell, and he continued: "I came to R. with good health, a good wife, and bright hopes for the future, and yet I came near running aground on that dangerous '*to-morrow*.' I was always going to fix every thing to-morrow. There were plenty of repairs to make about the premises, and some much needed ones, but I thought I would get all straight in time, and didn't fret much. Well, one day I came home for dinner, and found neither dinner nor wife, and as I had a model wife in punctuality, I couldn't tell what was to pay. Sufficient to say that I found my wife lying in a faint at the foot of the cellar stairs, with a broken arm, and I remembered well, as I carried her up the tottering steps, that she had more than once been promised that to-morrow those stairs should be fixed. I tell you, M., I felt mean enough to have hung myself with an ox chain, when I saw Jenny lying there, with her lips firmly shut to prevent any moan of pain, while the doctor was setting the fracture, but that would have been of no use, and I vowed to myself in that hour that my watchword should no more be "*to-morrow*," but "*to-day*." Jenny says she don't regret that fall a *particle*, and on the whole, neither do I.

---

MILTON objected to have his daughter study languages, because, he said, one tongue was full enough for a woman.



## THE WRONG RIGHTED; OR, THE OLD HEART AND THE NEW.

BY METTA VICTORIA VICTOR.

## CHAPTER XI.

WHEN Martha was left, swooning from over-exertion, in Mr. Irving's arms, he rung the bell for her maid, Floribel. She appeared, looking flurried and alarmed—her bonnet and shawl were on.

"What is the meaning of so much mystery? bring me something for your young lady, quickly, Floribel."

Mr. Irving was so much one of the family, that the maid felt relieved. She had apprehended the arrest, of everybody in the house, by officers,—so much was her lively imagination worked upon.

"Oh, my sakes, it's just what I expected when I heard she'd gone out! She was no more fit to go off so, than a baby three days old, and, Mr. Irving, she's been sick in bed these three weeks, or over—never sit up but to have her bed made, till yesterday—and here she's been out the last two hours! It's a mercy, if she ain't killed."

"Help me lay her on the sofa—so. Now, bring water—vinegar—something."

Martha opened her eyes and smiled.

"I am—only—tired. Some wine," she said.

A glass of wine cordial, such as she had been taking as a tonic, was brought, and after drinking it, she was soon able to converse, reclining upon the pillows which supported her.

"Ah, Ralph," murmured Martha, when Floribel had left them to themselves, "I am so—so glad you have come! I have suffered so much since I saw you last."

He was sitting by her side, holding her somewhat wasted hand, and grieving over the changes which he saw in her lovely face.

"Have you had any *real* troubles, cousin, or is it the death of your

canary?—or—has Dick Doolittle deserted you?"

"I remember," said Martha, in a low voice, "what you wished me, well, not very long ago—that I might have a 'good smart shower of adversity' to bring forward the development of my character a little. The shower has fallen. It was more like an Autumn storm of sleet, than the warm, invigorating rain of May, and I thought, for awhile, that I should fall from the stem, and perish—but the tempest is almost over, and here I am, ready to lift up my head, and bloom again."

"It almost beat the rose from her stem, did it?" queried Ralph, searching with interest the pale countenance upon which he certainly read something of resolve, and the high courage of devotion to others.

"It was terrible," shuddered his companion.

"Well, you shall not tell me now. You are not strong enough."

"Yes, I must tell you a part before my parents return. Did my mother go out?"

"Yes, she said she must go to meet your father. Something has happened, I see—but of what nature I cannot even guess. Any accident to your father?"

"Did you not see that he was troubled in mind before you left?"

"Yes, and that day, Reynard—had he any thing to do with it? If you feel able, tell me, for I am very anxious."

"Reynard—oh yes—he had much to do with it." For a moment the young girl trembled; but the pressure of Ralph's hand gave her confidence, and she hurriedly narrated all the events which had occurred since he went away:—clinging to him, at times, as if still afraid of some unseen presence. She did not conceal her father's



errors, she only excused them with love's unconscious fond duplicity. When she related how very near she come to being the wife of that odious Reynard,—telling, while the tears rained over the white roses of her cheeks, of the struggle in her breast, between unconquerable aversion, and a sense of duty to those she loved, Ralph Irving sat as still as death, and she almost thought he was not listening, until she raised her drooping eyelids, and beheld the startling sternness of his colorless face.

"Do not look that way, cousin, you half frighten me."

"I will kill that man," exclaimed he, throwing away her hand, and walking back and forth across the floor. "He shall die the death of a dog! he deserves it! It will be a good riddance to the community—he poisons the earth with his foulness."

"Ralph, is that your doctrine? Remember! 'an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth,' say the unregenerate; but *you*—was it not you who told me to love my enemies, and do good to those who despitefully used me?"

"Well, this is a different case!—such oppression deserves—"

"Ay, but it is the difficult cases which test our sincerity, and the worth of our doctrine. Let him go. If you think of him, let it be to pray for him!"

"Is it my girl-cousin that I hear preaching to me thus?" asked he, pausing in his abrupt walk, and looking at her curiously.

"I say it, because I feel it, Ralph. I have forgiven him—at least I hope I have. Oh, I have had many thoughts that made head and heart ache within a few weeks. Will you believe me when I say, that if a terrible fate had made me that man's wife, I should still have forgiven him, and have prayed for wisdom to do my duty and keep my promises. I have looked further in advance of me than is usual for a young girl, because circumstances flung me suddenly upon my own re-

sources. Perhaps I should have done better, though, if *you* had been here to think for me."

"No, no, you would not. You are a brave girl, Martha, I always knew it, and longed to see you tried; but I did not ask precisely this kind of a trial," and again he looked fierce.

"I would laugh at you, if I had the strength," said the invalid, "I did not know you had any of the 'old Adam' in you—any of the real fight—but I see you could use other weapons than spiritual ones, upon an emergency."

Mr. Irving doubled his fists involuntarily, but straightening them out and with a smile, said tenderly as to a child—

"You are very tired. Go to sleep, now. I will stay here until you awake. I will not desert you in any emergency. There—close your eyes—I shall not answer you if you speak."

"Is it not time for father to return?"

"Did I not say I should not answer you? Go to sleep, and when you awake, your parents will doubtless be here."

"I can rest better, now that I have you," murmured the young girl.

In a few moments she was slumbering peacefully; while Mr. Irving, sat, with a book in his hand, sometimes reading, but generally gazing upon the beautiful face which looked quite wan and spiritual when in the repose of sleep.

She rested for two hours; when she awoke, her parents had not yet arrived.

It was late into the night, and she still remained upon the sofa, firmly refusing to retire until she heard from them, then the carriage stopped at the door, and Stephen made his appearance with a note, in the handwriting of Mrs. Livingstone. It informed Martha that upon arriving at the spot where her husband was to have awaited her, she found the carriage had gone—the hour having far passed, he had feared further delay, and proceeded



on his way. She had immediately returned to a livery, hired a carriage and started in pursuit, but arrived at the depot where he took the train, five minutes after it had left, and found Stephen just starting for home. She had detained him, dismissed her driver, and stopped at the little hotel near by, to decide upon what was to be done. Fortunately, she had money with her, and had resolved to follow her husband by the next train, hoping to overtake him on the route before he had proceeded very far—if not she should pursue him to New Orleans, and bring him back—unless he insisted upon the Madeiraplan, in which case, Martha and Floribel must come to them. In the mean time, Martha had better close the house, to escape impertinent inquiry, and the questions of friends. She could either reside in it quietly, or if she felt well enough, get Cousin Ralph to escort her to her Aunt Randolph's, up the Hudson, to whom she could make some excuse for so impromptu a visit.

"See the trouble that a man of weak principles and moral cowardice brings upon himself," thought Ralph, as he read the note; though he did not injure Martha's feelings by saying so. "This flight is of a piece with all the rest! I always felt that Endicott Livingstone was not a man to be trusted in any emergency; and he is weaker and more culpable than I supposed."

"Retire now, and compose yourself; in the morning we will arrange all things satisfactorily,"—and Martha was glad to obey him.

Notwithstanding the excitement of the previous days, her fever did not return, and she slept late into the morning a healthy slumber, conscious that she had a manly protector near.

At breakfast it was decided that she should go to her Aunt Randolph. She had such a nervous dread, amounting to horror, of their persecutor, whose rage she imagined might take some shape of personal vengeance, now that she had thwarted him, that she was not

willing to be left alone with the servants in the house for so long a time; nor, indeed, for a single day. She thought, at first, that she would prefer remaining, so as to be at home when her parents arrived, if Ralph would stay with her. He knew very well that "Mrs. Grundy" would be taking the matter in her hands, and would have many unpleasant things to say of such an arrangement, although the idea of impropriety never entered the girl's pure mind. He did not mention this objection, but it weighed with him; then, too, he had no doubt that change of scene and air would be the best restorative that she could take.

So it was arranged that, while Floribel made the few necessary preparations for the visit, Mr. Irving should go to the bank and have an explanation with the directors. He did not tell Martha the trouble he had in excusing Mr. Livingstone's flight, nor that he had given bail for him to the whole extent of his own possessions, to secure peace and good will, until all things could be settled.

The lady's maid, glad of a holiday, went off to her cousin's. Stephen remained in charge of the house, and the rest of the servants were dismissed upon half pay, until they should be recalled.

The afternoon was bright and warm for February. When Martha was safely settled in her seat in the railroad car, with Ralph by her side, and being hurried along at thirty miles an hour, away from occurrences and scenes so unhappy, her spirits revived wonderfully, and she could not help feeling very sweetly contented, notwithstanding the strange journey which her parents were taking. There was such a sense of safety and repose in the near neighborhood of Ralph—she felt so quietly happy, when he bent to inquire if she were not tired, if she thought she could bear the ride without getting ill—the sun was so bright, the air so invigorating—all the black month of misery rolled away from



her its shadow, and she vivified like a rose in the morning light.

Martha did not thoroughly comprehend why she felt so tranquil by Ralph's side. If she had asked herself, she would have responded that it was because she had so much confidence in his judgment. Was he not like an elder brother to her?—always with grave advice and kind reproofs, yet very indulgent, and good withal. So different from handsome Dick Doolittle, with his faultless dress, his perfumery, and little cunning cane, which he twirled so gracefully—Dick Doolittle, who knew all about Paris, and criticised all the new singers, and helped his sisters select their new ball dresses—but, somehow, when she recalled his image upon this afternoon of her journey, she found it faded, nearly obliterated, in fact, by her recent floods of tears—and what there was left of it looked much like a print in a tailor's window. Dick Doolittle would hardly pass for her present ideal of "the coming man." So, she dismissed him from her thoughts, and being tired with the ride, nestled her head upon Ralph's shoulder, and sunk into dreamy visions and reveries, half waking, and half of the realm of sleep.

"Why, are we already there?" she inquired, as her escort aroused her by gathering up her shawl and traveling-bag, as the train came to a stop.

"Yes, we are at the village. It does not take long to compass a few hundred miles now-a-days. If we can get a carriage, we shall soon be at your aunt's hospitable door."

They stepped out on the platform, and had no difficulty in procuring a conveyance to take them the two remaining miles in the country. Just before the cakes were put in the oven for tea, Aunt Randolph was surprised by the appearance of her visitors. Martha was a pet of hers, though open to severe criticism upon her city faults; and she had a high opinion of Mr. Irving, whom she had often met. She gave them a cordial welcome, enhanced by the statement of her

niece's recent illness, and that she had come out for change of air.

"That was sensible, my dear," said she, "it will do you more good than the doctors. I'm really glad to see you, and hope you'll stay a month."

Aunt Randolph was a widow, living in a comfortable manner upon her own farm, which she hired cultivated. Although her own sister, Mrs. Livingstone had not been on very close terms with her, on account of her plain, old-fashioned ways of thinking and living. Aunt Randolph was spoken of slightly before Martha, who, judging her by the standard which her mother set up, had not regarded her very highly. She liked her—she could not help that—but she had an idea she was infinitely inferior to some other branches of the family tree.

Aunt Randolph's benevolent face had never looked so lovely to the young girl as it did that day. Perhaps her eyes were getting opened to the spiritual beauty which lay hidden behind a manner of plain and lovely, yet impressive dignity. The country, too, lit by the red fires of the descending sun, and fringed with dark and leafless trees, looked so pleasant from the cheerful window of the sitting-room. A large arm-chair was drawn up to the grate, and she was installed therein, with a tabby cat lying on the rug at her feet, and her face towards the sunset window; Mr. Irving sitting near, and the cloth being laid in the same room, for tea; while her aunt passed in and out, assisting her maid-servant about the arrangements, with always something sensible and pleasant to say.

Martha would not have exchanged her place at the tea-table that evening with any diner-out in the city of New York.

After tea she reclined upon a lounge listening, more than talking. She wondered why she never heard any such conversation at home. Her aunt and Randolph discussed the topics of the day with an earnestness



which proved that they both read and reflected. Aunt Randolph was very glad to hear of the great awakening of religious interest; and Martha listened with more feeling than she usually gave to any subject, humbly trying to gain instruction by the sayings of those wiser hearts.

"These are conscious of their entrance into the spiritual world," she mused; "life seems a more responsible thing to them than it used to me."

In the peculiar state of her mind at that period, the young inquirer could not have chanced upon a better influence than her aunt's; the three weeks she spent with her, made an impression upon her character, which was never thereafter affected.

She felt lonely after Ralph bade her farewell, the ensuing morning; he had promised to let her know the earliest possible moment after the return of her parents; and with that she contented herself, settling down for a quiet visit in the old-fashioned farmhouse.

#### CHAPTER XII.

Think ye, that sic as you and I,  
Wha drudge and drive through wet and dry,  
Wi' never-ceasing toil;  
Think ye, we are less blest than they  
Wha scarcely tent us in their way  
As hardly worth their while?

Alas! how oft in haughty mood,  
God's creatures they oppress!  
Or else neglecting a' that's good,  
They riot in excess!  
Baith careless and fearless  
Of either heaven or hell!  
Esteeming and deeming  
It's a' an idle tale!

BURNS.

ELEANOR STRONG was in a grocery getting her small supplies. As they were being tied up for her, she picked up the morning's paper, which lay on the counter, and ran her eye over the page. Almost the first item which fixed her attention was this:—"Yesterday, a young man named Martin Morris, fainted and fell upon the sidewalk in front of Taylor's Saloon. As he appeared somewhat delirious, upon being partially restored, he was conveyed to the hospital." For a moment her head swam; she did not

hear the grocer's "three-and-sixpence, Miss," till he had twice spoken. She paid him, and walked slowly home.

"I shall go and see him, as soon as dinner is over," was her resolve.

Why should she go to see him? he had no claim upon her; no word of love had ever passed between them, perhaps no thought of it was ever entertained. Yet he had a claim upon her, for he had been friendly and sympathetic, had brightened many a lonely evening, given her many a new idea, for he was even a greater reader than she, having more time, and more books at command—he had given her books—once or twice he had bought her a bouquet, the withered skeletons of which still lay in the innermost recesses of the table-drawer, near her diary and her Bible. He had another claim upon her; he was friendless—more so than she, for he had no mother, and no little niece to nestle in his arms. He had no relatives in the city—nobody cared whether the obscure book-keeper who was taken into that hospital, came out of it dead or alive. It was none of the world's business—so Eleanor resolved she would make it hers. When she got home she prepared the dinner, and sat down to it without many words.

"You do not eat," said her mother, "are you not well?"

"Yes, I am well, I am thinking of what I read in the paper, that Martin Morris had been taken ill in the street, and conveyed to the hospital. Do you not think I ought to go and inquire after him? you know he has no friends but us."

"I really wish you would go, my dear; I shall feel uneasy until I hear further from him. Poor boy! he is alone."

Tears sprang into Eleanor's eyes when her mother uttered these words, "poor boy" so maternally,—they touched some fine stray chord of her heart,—she forced them resolutely back, and managed to eat her dinner. There had been nothing in her manner but common friendliness for the



sick man; nothing to betray her real feelings.

The dishes were put away, her dress was changed, and the rich brown hair smoothed ready for her bonnet, when a knock came to the door. Little Constance opened it, when who should step in but the very person she was preparing to go to the hospital to see.

"Is this really our young friend that we see," exclaimed Mrs. Strong, as she gave him her hand in welcome.

"Then it was not true what we read about you?" asked Eleanor, as she gave him hers.

"Have I been in the papers?" was his reply.

"Yes, or somebody of the same name, and so moved upon my compassion that I was just putting on my bonnet to go in search of you through the wards of a hospital."

An eager flush came into the young man's face.

"Did you care enough for me to do that? Since you have said *that*, I am glad that it happened."

"Then it really did happen, after all?"

"Sit down, Mr. Morris, before you answer us; you look ill, now, as though a breath might blow you away," said Mrs. Strong.

"It chanced that I fainted away in the street, yesterday, but it was nothing serious, merely—starvation."

The word was spoken low, as if he was ashamed, that he, a strong man, should have yielded to such a merely physical weakness; or that he was still more ashamed that his hands had not earned him bread to eat."

Some broken exclamations escaped from his auditors.

"It was a sickness easily cured with a little chicken-broth, followed by something more substantial in due course of time," he continued rapidly. "You see, I had not eaten for four days, and was walking along, on my way to ask my old employer if he had not work enough now, to take me back, when, passing a saloon, the fra-

grance of the viands preparing within reached my nostrils. Instead of exciting my appetite, it made me deadly sick, and before I could think of my situation, the world grew dark, and I fell to the walk."

"Why did you not come to us?" asked Eleanor.

He had never heard her speak in so soft a tone of gentle reproach.

"Come to *you*. A man come to a young needle-woman, who has two others besides herself to support, to beg bread."

"I did not mean, come as a beggar—I meant come as one of God's creatures, a human being coming to a sister-human. If you had come two or three days ago, though, we should have only been able to divide the widow's meal with you—but now the barrel is full again."

"And I have occupation now," said the young man, "and that is what I came to tell you. So if you get in any strait you will know where to come. My employer advanced me some money this morning, though I am not to go to work until to-morrow; but my salary is smaller than ever. And now, as this is a holiday, I am going to beg permission to stay to tea, if no one will be discommoded."

"You are thrice welcome to what we can give you," replied his hostess.

"Since you are to make us so long a visit, I will get my work, my fingers would not know how to be idle a whole afternoon," added Eleanor, getting her basket of needle-work; "mother and I are embroidering strips of muslin in hopes of being able to sell them at the stores. It is a great deal of time and work for a very little reward—but it is just better than nothing."

"And since I invited myself, I must provide the treat. Now, do not object; for cannot you see how Constance longs to get her little basket and go out with me to the baker's. It is fashionable for surprise-parties to provide their own refreshments," he



added, with a smile, "and we, who are such friends of fashion and its dictates, must not fail to do likewise. I shall not be extravagant in my provisions."

Constance tied on her woolen hood; her embroidered cloth shoes were not just the style for out-doors, but she did not mind that; the walking was good, and she and Mr. Martin had a famous time selecting the tea-cakes and buns, the tarts and dried beef—and yes, actually, they stopped at a confectioner's and added some raisins, apples, and almonds, and some delicious tiny pyramids called cocoa-nut cakes, to their store. A package of tea, long enough to last the invalid mother sometime, also found its way into the basket, which now being full, besides sundry parcels carried outside, they returned to their friends.

It was very foolish of this young man, and just like the extravagance of the poor, to lay out several shillings upon a feast, the day after he had been saved from starvation;—but he was in business again, life was in his heart, perhaps love, tender and fond as that which causes Hyperion Browne to present his dearest with a jeweled opera-glass. There is this satisfaction, anyhow, that for the time being, the family and their guest put care and want as far from them as they could, and spent a cheerful afternoon, and sat long over their tea, laughing and jesting like richer people, and talking a great deal more sense than might have been expected—that is, than society would have expected had it known the circumstances. After tea, there were the nuts to be cracked, and the apples to be served, and little Constance was as busy, prattling, and happy as a bee, humming around among flowers. She was having a little sip of the honey-dew of life.

The young man, without a mother or home, watching the young girl as she moved around amid her light domestic duties, presiding at the table, washing up the dishes, ever seemed fascinated by the spell which her

presence cast around him. What if it were his wife who was moving around thus, busy in his home? The thought gave a holy charm to the slender form and graceful movements of Eleanor; her face looked very beautiful, half melancholy and somewhat haggard though it was, to eyes which were associating her secretly with such tender thoughts. Would not that piercing gaze melt into one of lustrous power and thrilling softness beneath the magic influence of happiness? Would not that slight compression of the lip, unnatural in one so young, change into the rosy curves of passion and tenderness, when all her griefs were kissed away? How like a paradise would this dull, cold earth become, if, every night, he were to come home to a place, humble as this even, but whose simple wants were certainly supplied, and find this girl-form moving about, and see the smile flash out of that vivid face. Once, when his whole soul was absorbed in a dream like this, Eleanor looked up, and could not turn her eyes away from that wistful, heart-betraying gaze. How beautiful were those eyes, as he saw them thus; with the repressed soul within them, for once unleashed from bondage, and standing at the threshold, like a star in heaven, looking down upon him, lustrous, pure, and angel-like! He was entranced, he could not turn from them, until he saw the roses flushing out in her cheeks—then the blush sent the burning blood leaping wildly through every pulse of his being, and his own gaze sank. Think you the two, whom poverty enjoined to silence with their lips, did not understand each other after that, whether any word were ever spoken afterwards or not?

After the apples were removed, the three elders had a long talk about the West, while the child sat on the floor, leaning her head against her grandmother, and listening open-eyed. What a mystic fairy-land it seemed to her—that far-away country, where



everybody could have as large a garden, and as many flowers as they wished—where fawns darted through the wild-wood, and one could see for miles over a prairie that was like a sea, not of waters, but of grass and blossoms—where friendly Indians sometimes peeped in and tried to buy the children—where everybody had plenty of everything they wanted. She thought the west must be a lovely place—she wished grandmamma and aunt Eleanor, yes, and Mr. Morris, would go there, and take her with them.

To the older heads, it was equally a land of promise—not of indolence and Arcadian ease—but of independence, and plentiful reward of honest industry, where, if men and women worked, they were paid for their labor—and where the boundless blessing of God's blue sky and emerald earth was not walled out by mighty sepulchres of stone and mortar, in which living victims were entombed.

"If ever I can get in anything like a good situation again, I shall try and lay up enough to join some Emigration Society, and take Mother and Constance along with me. I believe I could do well out West. I have dreamed of it so long."

"It may be, that before that time comes, I shall have preceded you, and my log-cabin or canvas-house will stand with open doors, ready to give you the settler's welcome."

Was not that a vague and very distant hope with which to comfort two warm and yearning youthful hearts?

Martin Morris' perceptions were fully alive to the affectionate devotion which Eleanor paid to her suffering and most excellent mother; while it enhanced the high esteem in which he held her, it caused him to sigh at the folly of a book-keeper on a salary of four hundred a year thinking of starting in life with a family of four.

When Martin had said good-night, and all but herself had retired to rest, Eleanor brought forth her diary,

writing therein for a long time, while an occasional tear fell, blotting the page. The conclusion of her entry ran thus:

"Again I pledge myself to the fulfillment of the duties which are so plainly set before me as mine—to surround my mother's declining years with as much of comfort as is possible—too little, alas! and shamefully meagre will the comfort be, and to bring up my orphan niece as I would a child of my own. From these obligations no selfish impulses shall in any way tempt me. My youth will pass like the morning dew, and if any love me now, they will forsake me for those who have a right to love and pleasure; as for me, my pleasure shall be in serving others. I am tough and hardy, like the evergreens of the North, which know only the chill and bleakness of life. I can endure to the end, and fail not."

As she put the manuscript away, a great sigh shook her bosom. Her mother, who was not sleeping, but thinking, heard it, and echoed it with one not less sad.

"Eleanor, my love, come to bed. It is better to sleep than to reflect—if you can sleep! Thank heaven, *you* have that privilege. May you never pass the wakeful nights of misery which have been mine."

*(To be continued.)*

### ONE PAIR OF STOCKINGS.

An old wife sat by her bright fireside,  
Swaying thoughtfully to and fro,  
In an ancient chair whose creaky caw  
Told a tale of long ago;  
While down by her side on the kitchen floor,  
Stood a basket of worsted balls—a score.

The good man dozed o'er the latest news,  
Till the light of his pipe went out;  
And unheeded, the kitten with cunning paws,  
Rolled and tangled the balls about;  
Yet still sat the wife in the ancient chair,  
Swaying to and fro in the fire light glare.

But anon, a misty tear-drop came  
In her eye of faded blue,  
Then trickled down in a furrow deep,  
Like a single drop of dew;



So deep was the channel—so silent the stream,  
The good man saw naught but the dimm'd eye-beam.

Yet marvelled he much that the cheerful light  
Of her eye had weary grown,  
And marvelled he more at the tangled balls—  
So he said in a gentle tone,  
"I have shared the joys since our marriage vow,  
Conceal not from me thy sorrows now."

Then she spoke of the time when the basket there,  
Was filled to the very brim,  
And now there remained of the goodly pile  
But a single pair—for him,  
Then wonder not at the dimmed eye-light;  
There's but one pair of stockings to mend to-night.

I cannot but think of the busy feet,  
Whose wrappings were wont to lay  
In the basket awaiting the needle's time—  
Now wandered so far away;  
How the sprightly steps to a mother dear  
Unheeded fell on the careless ear.

For each empty nook in the basket told,  
By the hearth there's an empty seat;  
And I miss the shadows from off the wall,  
And the patter of many feet;  
'Tis for this that a tear gathered over my sight  
At the one pair of stockings to mend to-night.

'Twas said that far through the forest wild  
And over the mountains bold,  
Was a land whose rivers and darkening caves,  
Were gemmed with the fairest gold;  
Then my first-born turned from the oaken door,  
And I knew the shadows were only four.

Another went forth on the foaming wave  
And diminished the basket's store—  
But his feet grew cold—so weary and cold—  
They'll never be warm any more—  
And this nook in its emptiness, seemeth to me,  
To give forth no voice but the moan of the sea.

Two others have gone towards the setting sun,  
And made them a home in its light,  
And fairy fingers have taken their share,  
To mend by the fireside bright;  
Some other baskets their garments fill—  
But mine! Oh! mine is emptier still.

Another—the dearest—the fairest—the best—  
Was ta'en by the angels away,  
And clad in a garment that waxeth not old,  
In a land of continual day.  
O! wonder no more at the dimmed eye-sight,  
While I mend the one pair of stockings to-night.

## LETTERS OF THE DEAD.

BY MRS. F. B. M. BROTHERSON.

My trembling hand can scarce untwine  
The little silken thread  
That clasps in gentle pressure now,  
These letters of the dead,  
For from each fold there seems to come,  
Smiles, vanished from my sight,  
And tones, whose music faded out  
Amid death's gloomy night.  
Over each sheet, in by-gone hours,  
Looked some familiar face,  
Revealings from some chosen heart  
Find here a sacred place,  
And welcome greetings come to me  
In many a faded line,  
That keep through time an influence,  
Both changeless and divine.  
*This*, was the prompting of a heart  
Upon her bridal-day,  
A farewell to me, from her home,  
Ere she had turned away;  
Love's glowing skies hung o'er her path,  
Without a passing cloud,  
Yet ere Death claimed her, that bright head  
In misery was bowed.  
*This*, came to me one summer's morn,  
From one whose heart beat high  
With proud ambition's fevered dreams,  
With glory in his eye;  
I sought to quench the mocking light  
That madly lured him on,  
He heeded not—and now his dreams,  
With his young life, are gone.  
*This*, from a gentle friend, whose hours  
Were fleeting fast away,  
Came from afar, amid the buds  
And balmy winds of May,  
Only to tell me angel bands  
Were wooing her away,—  
Only to tell me that her trust  
Grew brighter day by day.  
The hand that wandered o'er *this* sheet,  
Was clasped in wild despair,  
Amid a trembling, fearful crowd,  
Who breathed a dying prayer;  
Amid old ocean's might and strength,  
The ship went down in woe,—  
I fain would shut that vision out  
As tears mine eyes o'erflow.  
The buried past is with me now,  
Kind words and smiles of old,  
I almost cease to think each lip  
Hath grown so still and cold;  
Memorials of the loving ones  
Who o'er life's pathway shed  
The fragrant of kindred hearts,  
Which dies not with the dead.  
But lingers in its beauty still,  
An angel-presence, fair,  
Who with a calm, unsullied wing,  
Dispel's earth's clouds of care;  
Who oft amid life's hours doth come,  
The hidden fount to move,  
For the sure healing of the soul,  
Its strengthened faith to prove.



## OLD LETTERS.

I HAD been sick, almost unto death—body and soul. The physical pain had caused me to yield up the expectation of life; the sorrows of my spirit had taken away the desire of it. Still I grew better, almost against my wish, until I could sit up an hour or two at a time. Then I began to feel a nervous desire for excitement—excitement greater than my books, my friends, the little world around me could afford. In this restless state, I one day happened to think of my letter-chest, and had it brought to my room and laid open beside me. Slowly then, and carefully, I began to overlook each neatly arranged file. What a revelation! What dreams, what hopes, what joys, and alas, what sorrows! Was it true that I had once been a moving spirit in the scenes recorded here?—that I had loved so much, and been so loved as these long-hidden witnesses testified anew? Had my mother lavished such anxious tenderness upon me? Had my sister given me such abundant love and confidence? Had many friends flattered and caressed me in words of eloquent meaning? Had lovers praised my beauty and my virtues in such endearing terms?

How then had I become the wretched being that I was? The letters of a few later years told all!

In the two weeks given to convalescence, the reading of those neglected letters passed my whole life in review before me, and made me happier and more miserable by turns. But I had not yet lightened my heart of its burden of weariness, nor escaped from the demon of discontent. I said gloomily to myself, "nothing like this past life can ever come to me again: let me forget my bygone happiness, that I may not hereafter desire its impossible return." Therefore, day by day, I laid these once precious pages in the flames of the grate, and saw them become a mere heap of white ashes. Would that I could redeem

myself from the consequences of my folly! The ashes of those perished letters lie upon my heart. I have deprived myself of every clue to the past: henceforth I can never return to its contemplation, for I have buried its joys in oblivion, by my own voluntary act. The dreary present, and hopeless future are all that remains to me; and I suffer the remorse of one who in some insane mood has slain his dearest friend, and awakens to inquire for them, but to be reproached with their untimely death.

F. F. B.

## A LAST WORD.

BY DR. JOHN K. FRANCIS.

IN our last, as well as in previous papers, we adverted to that false system of education which results in physical deterioration. Every observation we make lead us to feel the force of what has been charged against teachers and parents, namely: that they are to blame in encouraging that *forcing* process which develops the mind at the expense of the body. No child has dyspepsia and its concomitant evils, who is treated properly in diet, exercise and sleep; and if we have pale and effeminate children haunting our parlors and school-rooms it is because, as we have said, of the *cruel* treatment they receive at the hands of parents and instructors. Better the child should have a crust of bread and open lodgings, if these bring health, than all the delicacies of the land if they are accompanied with ill-health.

But this repeats what has before been said. Our excuse is the importance of the subject; and we can allow no occasion to pass without reminding those having charge of the young, of the responsibility of that trust.

When it is discovered that the child wearies of confinement, goes out languidly, eats little food, is restless at night, grows dark around the eyes, becomes sunken cheeked, and very soft in flesh, let the parent understand



that it is the result of a cause, and that the cause is simply overtasking the tender energies of the young body. Immediate cessation from study must be ordered; relief from every care must follow; exercise must be taken, carefully at first, and increased as the strength allows; the diet must be as simple, yet strengthening, as circumstances will permit. Plenty of sleep must be allowed, and a sound repose must never be disturbed, even if it does incommode the cook to "keep the table waiting." If out-of-door exercise is not feasible, the calisthenic clubs and poles should be brought into requisition twice a day—always in a cool and well-aired room. By all means avoid medicinal dosing: it is only to be used, in any case, as a last resort. If nature cannot recuperate herself by the simple course we have prescribed, it is evident that a lasting injury has been done to the constitution; and "doctoring," except most judiciously and knowingly administered, would only still further exhaust. In a long course of practice we have learned that too many drugs are given in almost all cases; and, we believe, it is the general opinion among the best physicians of all "schools," that the less drugs which can be given, the better for the patient; he is the wisest and best doctor who gives the least. Sleep, food, exercise, associations are blessed regenerators, if they are but allowed to exercise their proper offices, and the *pathy* which would invariably substitute pills, or powders, or drinks, in nature's stead, is unworthy of trust.

Food holds too important a relation to recovery of lost health to be passed over with generalities. If the child is feverish from a low state of the vital functions, the food must be cooling, simple in its preparation, low seasoned, forbidding oil or fatty properties, and avoiding meat. After fever has passed away, use as strengthening diet as will perfectly agree with digestion, and encourage natural secretions. Gruels are good, but not

sufficiently vitalizing. Chicken broth and, at each meal, some of its flesh; the juice of a tender roast of beef or steak; a piece of lamb, are good and desirable—the vegetarian philosophy to the contrary notwithstanding. Tapioca and corn starch are allowed. So is plain corn-cake, rye and oatmeal bread, one day old. Black tea, of carefully tempered strength, is the best drink, the cold-water philosophy to the contrary. Coffee carefully browned—not "burnt"—and freshly prepared by *twelve minutes* boiling, is, in many cases of low vital action, a desirable *medicine*. When used, its strength should be but moderate, and only the best milk and white sugar used in seasoning it. We have repeatedly prescribed this diet, to the surprise of parents, who seem to proceed upon the general principle that it is bad to give coffee at all to children. Like liquors it can be used with real benefit, and, like them, may also entail great injury where too largely and freely used. Fruit, if fresh and perfectly ripe, is very wholesome, enervating and curative, and ought to be used more freely than they are. When the stomach refuses all other food, it will recuperate its lost tone, and enjoy itself over the freshly gathered peach, apple, orange, pine-apple, berry, or grape. There is vast healing property in fruit; each comes in its season for the *very purpose* of being used to counteract the influence of the season's changes, and he who would proscribe its use, even by the invalid, is acting unwisely, in most instances.

If a child's system is deranged—its nervous temperament disordered, either by study or confinement, the course suggested above will be sure to restore a lost health; but if, in addition to these ills, dyspepsia has actually set in, or the seeds of consumption are actually sown, we advise total change of scene, association, air; if by the sea-side, or where sea-breezes have been daily breathed, then go back into the country and taste the land-breezes, and sweet influences of the vegetation



alone; if the invalid is a native of the country, and never has tasted the exhilarating salt-water, air, then go to the seaboard, take salt baths, eat salt-water fish. Changes like these often produce the most wonderful results. A good, discreet physician should always be consulted in every case of real ill-health, and particularly so where the ailment threatens serious consequences. If he is a truly disinterested man his prescriptions, rest assured, will embody all we have commended above; while his personal observation will enable him to add some further and other remedy of a specific nature, which no general suggestion could offer. While we discountenance the too common practice of "running for the doctor" upon every imaginable occasion, and inveigh against those physicians who use their medicine case too freely, we still say no case of actual disease should be, for a moment, tampered with, but should be handed over to the well-tried man of medicine, in whose judgment implicit confidence can be placed.

In a series of articles of the general nature rendered necessary for a magazine of the general character of "THE HOME" (*most* admirable, permit me to say, in many respects), we could but offer hints toward prevention, rather than prescription for the cure of disease. In the pursuance of this plan we might have extended our articles to great length, for surely all our sickness has its first stages and incipient forms; but, we preferred to be even more than usually general, foreseeing that the quick intelligence of the readers of this publication would fill out the details where the general outlines were clearly given. Let us hope what we have said in regard to the precious inheritance of our children, viz: a good constitution and its perpetuation, has impressed upon parents and teachers a new sense of their responsibility. If we have done this, even in a small degree, we shall not regret our talk with the readers of "THE HOME."

## EXQUISITE ANECDOTE.\*

THE little Caernarvonshire child in "We are Seven," who is represented as repelling the idea of death under an absolute inability to receive it, had completed her eighth year. But this might be an ambitious exaggeration, such as aspiring female children are generally disposed to practice. It is more probable that she might be in the currency of her eighth year. Naturally we must not exact from Wordsworth any pedantic rigor of accuracy in such a case; but assuredly we have a right to presume that his principle, if tenable at all, must apply to all children below the age of *five*. However, I will say *four*. In that case the following anecdote seems to impeach the philosophic truth of this doctrine. I give the memorandum as it was drawn up by myself at the time:

My second child, but eldest daughter, little M——, is between two and three weeks less than two years old; and from the day of her birth she has been uniformly attended by Barbara Lewthwaite. We are now in the first days of June; but about three weeks since, consequently in the earlier half of May, some one of our neighbors gave to M—— a little bird. I am no great ornithologist. "Perhaps only a tenth-rate one," says some too flattering reader. Oh dear, no, nothing near it; I fear, no more than a five hundred and tenth-rater. Consequently, I cannot ornithologically describe or classify the bird. But I believe that it belonged to the family of finches—either a goldfinch, or at least something ending in *inch*. The present was less splendid than at first it seemed. For the bird was wounded; though not in a way that made the wound apparent; and too sensibly, as the evening wore away, it drooped. None of us knew what medical treatment to suggest; and all that occurred was to place it with free access to bird-

\*From De Quincy's new volume, "The Avenger."



seed and water. At length sunset arrived, which was the signal for M——'s departure to bed. She came, therefore, as usual, to me, threw her arms around my neck, and went through her ordinary routine of prayers; namely, first the Lord's Prayer, and finally the four following lines (a Roman Catholic bequest to the children of Northern England):

"Holy Jesus, meek and mild,  
Look on me, a little child;  
Pity my simplicity;  
Grant that I may come to thee."

M——, as she was moving off to bed, whispered to me that I was to "mend" the bird with "yoddonum." Having always seen me taking laudanum, and for the purpose (as she was told) of growing better in health, reasonably it struck her that the little bird would improve under the same regimen. For her satisfaction, I placed a little diluted laudanum near to the bird; and she then departed to bed, though with uneasy looks reverting to her sick little pet. Occupied with some point of study, it happened that I sat up through the whole night; and long before seven o'clock in the morning she had summoned Barbara to dress her, and soon I heard the impatient little foot descending the stairs to my study. I had such a Jesuitical bulletin ready, by way of a report upon the bird's health, as might not seem absolutely despairing, though not too dangerously sanguine. And as the morning was one of heavenly splendor, I proposed that we should improve the bird's chances by taking it out-of-doors into the little orchard at the foot of Fairfield, our loftiest Grosmere mountain. Thither moved at once Barbara Lewthwaite, little M——, myself, and the poor languishing bird. By that time in May, in any far southern country, perhaps the birds would be ceasing to sing; but not so with us dilatory people in Westmoreland. Suddenly, as we all stood around the little perch on which the bird rested, one thrilling song, louder than the rest, arose from a neighboring hedge. Immediately the bird's

eye, previously dull, kindled into momentary fire; the bird rose on its perch, struggled for an instant, seemed to be expanding its wings, made one aspiring movement upward, in doing so fell back, and in another moment was dead. Too certainly and apparently all these transitions symbolically interpreted themselves, and to all of us alike; the proof of which was that—man, woman, and child spontaneously shed tears; a weakness, perhaps, but more natural under the regular processional evolution of the scenical stages, than when simply read as narrative; for too evident it was to one and all of us, without needing to communicate by words, *what* vision had revealed itself to all alike—to the child under two years old, not less than to the adults; too evident it was, that on this magnificent May morning there had been exhibited, as on the stage of a theater—there had passed before the eyes of us all—passed, and was finished—the everlasting mystery of death! It seemed to me that little M——, by her sudden burst of tears, must have read this saddest of truths,—must have felt that the bird's fate was sealed, not less clearly than Barbara or myself.

## THE CHOICE OF A PATH IN LIFE; OR, WHAT SHALL I BE?

A CHAPTER FOR OUR SONS.

"HURRAH!" exclaimed Owen, "this is the first New Year's Day I have felt really joyful for many a year, because the first of January has seemed a warning that the holidays would soon be over. Now we have no more school—no more fagg-ing in Latin and Greek! Come, Edmund, why do you not join my shout of triumph? You look as grave as if you meditated undertaking all the cares of the nation!" he added, laughing, as he fixed his eyes upon the thoughtful countenance of his cousin.

"I have always been very happy at school," replied Edmund. "I liked



my school-fellows, and we all loved our good tutor, so that leaving such friends is not altogether joy to me. Besides"—and he paused.

"Besides what?" rejoined Owen; "let us have it all out."

"Well, and besides," continued Edmund, "it seems to me rather a serious matter, to step out of boyhood into youth."

"Oh!" answered Owen, "I shall reckon myself quite a man now, I assure you."

"In what respect?" inquired Edmund, drily.

"In the first place, then, you know we shall not be plagued with any more lessons; nor shall we be forced to obey our tutor's orders, or keep school rules, but may do as we please all day, and go where we choose. In short, we are *independent* now!"

"I should be sadly at a loss if I were independent yet," rejoined Edmund. "But are you not going into any business or profession, Owen?"

"Time enough for that, when I have had a year or two of relaxation, after studying so hard. I hope to get a little traveling before I buckle-to for riches."

"That will not do for me," said Edmund. "I must buckle-to at once in good earnest, for a *livelihood*, and need not aspire to riches; moreover, I have heard my father and tutor both say that lads would not fancy work a hardship if they did not get a taste for dissipation between leaving school and fixing in life."

Owen opened his eyes wide at this speech, for the cousins had been educated, both at home and at school, under very different auspices.

"Pray, what shall you be then?" he asked.

"That is the very question that perplexes me," answered Edmund; "and fills my thoughts continually."

"Well, pray fix on something *gentlemanly*, and do not do anything that will spoil your hands."

"If I can be an honorable character, and maintain myself honestly by my

own exertions, I shall not trouble myself about white hands and gentlemanly notions, Owen, I assure you." These two lads were about the same age, and, in accordance with an annual custom, were visiting, with a large family party, at their grandfather's mansion. Just as Owen had uttered his last remark, the prayer-bell rang, and their venerable relative entered with the usual salutations of the new year. Their own response was chastened by the conviction that he could not survive to witness many more such anniversaries, and that each returning period might be the last of their family gatherings round his cheerful fire-side. He might have heard some part of our friends' conversation, but he made no allusion to the circumstance, save that, in his morning supplications at the domestic altar, he prayed most fervently that "the God of their fathers would bless the lads now standing on the threshold of active life, with guidance as to their future course on earth, and crown its close with an abundant entrance into eternal life."

"Mr. M—— complained of difficulty in speaking to young people upon religious subjects, yet they perpetually felt how warmly he was interested in their welfare; and many of his grandchildren regarded him as their most confidential and indulgent friend, a title which he richly merited and sedulously turned to their advantage. After breakfast he distributed the customary New Year's gifts to all except Owen and Edmund, whom he invited in to his study to receive the neat, substantial watches which he always presented to those who had just quitted the routine of school.

"This is an important era to you, my dear lads," he remarked, as he contemplated the delight with which they examined the bright little monitors, which they deemed a great addition to their dignity. "You read of epochs of time in history, of critical junctures in the career of heroes, of 'golden opportunities' in every indi-



vidual's life, and all these unite in the experience of to-day! Having completed one brief period of preparatory discipline and study, you have arrived at a point where many ways meet, or rather, where many paths branch off; and need direction as to the one you should choose for your onward course. Have you thought at all what you should be?"

"Oh, yes!" replied Owen. "I mean to be a gentleman; that has been decided long ago."

A smile lurked for a moment in Mr. M——'s eye, as he turned towards Edmund with the query, "And *you*, is *your* choice made?"

"I must be a worker, sir," answered Edmund, "and suppose I shall follow my father's profession, and try to cure, or at least to alleviate my neighbor's sufferings."

"Well, that is a very honorable, useful, and influential post, Edmund, though involving much self-denial, much patient study, and much persevering activity; and I trust you will be blessed and made a blessing to thousands in your day and generation."

"I had thought of the law, or engineering, or mercantile pursuits," continued Edmund, "but I felt afraid of the temptations I might encounter there."

"There is no sphere free from temptation, my boy; and some fancy the medical student is more exposed to skepticism, infidelity, and dissipation than most others; but there is One, Edmund, able and willing to shield all who seek his protection. While preserving your own integrity, he may enable your steady consistency to attract your associates to the service of the same Master."

"And so, Owen," pursued Mr. M——, turning to his other grand son, "your design is to be a gentleman?"

"Yes, sir, I hate work, and shall have a handsome income when I am of age; so I think it will be a good plan to make the most of my youth, and enjoy myself as much as I can."

"Certainly! if you fulfill both these intentions; but, remember, riches may take to themselves wings and fly away, and *enjoyment* is apt to elude her most eager votaries, and steal in unawares among the plodding workers, who marvel how their labors have become so lightened."

"Then there is a chance for my cousin Edmund having a stray visit from her now and then," said Owen.

"Indeed, I should not much wonder if she takes up her abode with him and his fellow-workers," answered Mr. M——. "But, Owen, you say you intend to be a gentleman, and I am glad to hear it, for a true gentleman comprises every variety of attractive worth, both in character, attainment, deportment, and influence. He is the most self-denying of mortals, ever preferring the convenience of others to his own; improving his time in the cultivation of his talents, exerting his influence, and using his wealth for the counteraction of evil; employing his energies for the social weal; and all this in the most agreeable manner that can be devised. You must, indeed, make the most of your youth to attain such a distinction."

Owen was so astounded at this interpretation of a gentleman's qualities, that he could not utter a single exclamation. So his grandfather continued, "While courteous to others, a true gentleman is not unmindful of himself; but always nice in his person, and unobtrusive in his dress; no tawdry tinsel, no shabby finery, betrays his dependence upon outward adornment. He is refined in his habits and his language, indulging in no low phrase, no vulgar tricks, even in private. Considerate of the feelings of others, he would forego a joke rather than inflict a pang. His politeness is as assiduous in the domestic circle as in royal saloons, and he is so well informed as to be able to converse on congenial topics with the mechanic as well as the statesman, with the merchant or the divine, with the little child or the matured philosopher. The *gentleman* is wel-



come in every society; is prepared to do as much good to all classes of the community, as he possesses leisure to attend to them."

"Stop, dear sir," said Owen; "you are describing a perfect character, but I only meant a gentleman to travel, and amuse himself, and so on."

"Well, to travel as a gentleman, you must be well acquainted with the language, history, and customs of the countries you visit; for ignorance of these things is beneath a gentleman. You must be a judge of paintings, sculpture, and architecture—they are parts of a gentleman's taste and knowledge; and for amusement, a gentleman cannot course or hunt—these pursuits involve so much low companionship and noisy revelry; he can not gamble, for he would distress his antagonist, and lose his own equanimity; he cannot frequent the theater, and those public resorts where his ear would be offended by profanity, his delicacy wounded by impunity. In short, the gentleman rightly estimates his own position, his own conduct, and his prospects, and would be the last to make a mistake on either point."

"You have portrayed a vastly superior personage to any that I ever dreamt of, sir," replied Owen.

"Possibly; but as you have thought sufficiently of your future course, to choose a special path, you would surely ascertain all that belongs to that path."

"The fact is, my dear sir, I begin to feel that I have never really thought about the matter."

"Ah, 'tis an old and common error, my lad. The great Jehovah lamented in ancient days, 'My people do not consider.' And so now, we flutter along the gay garden of childhood; heedless of all but the passing moment, then plunge headlong into the activities of life with reckless ardor, and only pause on the confines of eternity, to wish we could begin again, and redeem the unprofitable past!"

"I am sure that cannot be your case, sir," interposed Edmund, with an affectionate smile. "You have always

been busy and useful ever since I can remember."

"You remember but a very small portion of my three score years and ten, my boy, and I will not now detail the many events which sadden my memory, and induce the heartfelt prayer that you may be taught so to number your days, that each shall add lessons of wisdom and works of acceptance in the sight of our holy Judge; not that by any works of righteousness we can merit His favor, but that we may thus prove how much we love Him who first loved us and gave Himself for us."

Mr. M—— paused, but the boys perceived he had more to say, and their attention being more fully roused they begged him to proceed.

"We have spoken of your profession for this life, my dear grandsons, but your decision for eternity is of infinitely greater importance."

"Of course," said Owen, "I should not think of neglecting public worship, omitting to read the Bible, and when I am a little older and settled in life, I shall think what more I can do."

"Would not wisdom suggest that you should first seek the salvation of your soul, Owen. Life is frail, and many a healthy youth has been cut off suddenly by accident or disease, just as the most promising prospects were opening before him. Others have been arrested by the veiling of the mental faculties; insanity has abridged the day of grace; but when once you have planted your foot firmly on the Rock of ages, and have been admitted into the church of the living God, it is highly necessary, that you should become transformed into a living epistle of his spirit, that may be known and read of all men. In these days of latitudinarian theories, and multifarious "phases of faith," young people should be well grounded in the *sound doctrines* so strongly insisted upon by the apostle Paul. Cling first, then, to the Word of Truth, which is able to guide you in that path which shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

—*British Mother's Journal*.



READING IN SUMMER.

SAYETH Beecher: "Summer reading is a distinctly marked species in the great Genus—Reading. Everybody understands the term, but nobody can tell exactly what it means. There is a temperate zone in the mind between luxurious indolence and exacting work, and it is to this region, just between laziness and labor, that summer reading belongs. A book, that—lying upon your back, while the wind shakes the leaves in your drowsy ears, and insects fill the air with a sweet tenor, and the bees under your window hum and drone, and birds return thanks for the seed and worms eaten,—floats you up out of sleep, which yet throws its spray over you as the sea does on men who lazily float in a summer breezy day on raft or low-edged boat; a book, that now and then drops you, and then takes you up again, that spins a silver thread of thought from your mind, fine as gossamers and then breaks it as the wind does the spider's web—this is a summer book. You never know where you left off, and do not care where you begin. It is all beginning, and all middle and end everywhere.

There is a reading for fugitive moments, there is a reading when you are coiled up under a beech or elm tree around whose swollen roots a clear stream frolics that never goes to sleep, but plays in a perpetual childhood. I love clover, hay, reading. Spread out on an ample mow, with the North and South barn door wide open, with hens scratching down on the floor, and expressing themselves in short sentences to each other, now and then lifting up one of those roundelay or hen songs, that are no doubt as good to them as a psalm tune or love song; with swallows flying in and out, and clouds floating over the sun, raising or lowering the light on our book. Can anything be sweeter than such reading of poet, or story weaving magician, or magister?

Yes. It is even sweeter to have the letters grow dim, and run about the page, and disappear, while the hands relax, and the book gently swaying comes down on your breast, and visions from within open their clear faces on you, and the hours go by so softly that you will not believe that the sun is low in the west, and that those voices are of folks out after you to come in to supper!

But there is a world of less indolent pleasure and of summer reading for cool mornings, for evening hours, and for the Sabbath, that never glows and rejoices with such fervor as in the country, in summer days. We yield up the old ponderous books to the shelf again; the histories, the controversies, the abstruse philosophies, the head filling books of solid learning, and betake ourselves to books which teach us of plants, of insects, of birds, of fish, of all things that live and grow, or fly or creep. The summer seems a prolonged invitation to read God's Book of Nature.

THE SECRET.

Still, still river, flowing on  
Through the level land, away, away;  
Heeding not bright summers gone,  
Nor longing in soft meadow nooks to stay,  
Making no idle moan  
By night or day;

Still, still river, in thy place  
Meandering into the distant west  
With might and calm and royal grace,  
Of thy rare secret I would be possessed;  
Teach me those quiet ways  
In which thou wanderest.

THE SILENT SHORE.

My sprightly neighbor, gone before  
To that unknown and silent shore,  
Shall we not meet as heretofore,  
Some summer morning,  
When from thy cheerful eyes a ray  
Hath struck a bliss upon the day,  
A bliss that would not go away,  
A sweet forewarning!



## EDITOR'S RETREAT.

## FANCY WORK.

HOW many love-thoughts do women weave into the fancy-work upon which so much of their leisure time is expended? You may be sure that the silken floss which glistens in those fingers is not so bright and glowing as the thread of imagination out of which she, at the same moment, is conjuring up garlands of rose-buds and forget-me-nots for the forehead of *some one*. With the gold and silver beads which she cunningly strings in such graceful devices, are threaded pearls of memory or of hope. The purse is for *some one*—the slippers are for *some one*—the watch-guard—that, too, is for *some one*. As artfully as she strings the glistening links of that chain does she entangle a heart in a chain more difficult to break—a chain which will attach it to her, as the precious watch is secured by its guard. But now she is, with a pretty patience incomprehensible to men, working diligently upon some trifling ornament for herself. Ah! the stitches in that beautiful handkerchief—the skill with which that head-dress was wrought into such tasteful combinations; it is for herself,—but is only that she may be adorned in *some one's* eyes—it is to look lovely beneath the gaze of another.

Or, maybe, it is a young wife who is sitting hour by hour with that same basket of needle-work. What diminutive stitches, what filmy ruffles, what delicate materials. She has given up even her husband's embroidered dressing-gown for the present,—she works no more slippers. Of what does *she* think all the long days which are occupied with those exquisite little garments? She has plenty of quiet for hope and fear, for wonder, awe, and tender love-dreams. She has thoughts and prayers which will never be put in words.

Or, again, the mother, beautifying her children's apparel—pondering in her heart, how fair they will look in them, and how proud she will be of them.

The fingers are busy at their minute and pleasant toil, but not so busy as the fervid brain, the affectionate heart. Tints more

brilliant, and shapes more beautiful would appear upon the silken woof, were the accompanying thoughts and loves woven visibly into the web of all this Fancy Work.

## MIRRORS.

People's minds are like mirrors. A few of these are fair and correct; they reflect what comes before them in its true proportions, doing justice to all; but many are so perverted in the making that all facts are to them necessarily misrepresented. Jealousy, or stubbornness, or want of comprehension, are the crooked surface or the dark speck which deforms the image of truth presented. Men of powerful prejudices and passions are mirrors which refuse to reflect the world as it is. Some very bright and specious looking mirrors have serious defects, and others are so totally wavering, dingy, and cross-purposed that they refuse to give any thing but a distortion and mockery of humanity.

## BERTHA.

A lily sweet, superb and white,  
Fill'd and overflow'd with light—  
Clear water in a silver bowl—  
This is Bertha, body and soul.

The richest rose that ever grew,  
Thrill'd with sunlight, fill'd with dew,  
By its own sweetness half oppress'd,  
This is the heart in Bertha's breast.

Oh, would that I might build a bower  
Befitting this fair human flower!  
Amaranths and passion-flowers should twine  
Its arches proud, were Bertha mine.

## CRITICISM.

Some writer upon the above subject has recently said:—"They bully a rose because it isn't a lily; though a lily is a good thing, just as a cutlet is a good thing, and a *fricandeau* is a good thing; yet people must run about and snub the waterfall, because it is not a precipice, and the blonde because she is not a brunette."

The reason why these people feel bound to criticise, is because they are afraid, if they do not, people will consider that they have not the ability. They dare not praise any thing heartily, for fear it will be thought they do not know how to censure. "The pic-



ture is magnificent—but," "the poetry is exquisite—but," "the sermon was a fine one—but," which implies that the speaker is more of an artist than the painter, more of a poet than the writer, more of a logician than the preacher. The privilege of finding fault with an excellent thing is so flattering to one's self-love!

## ADVERSITY.

When a man is in the noontide of prosperity the world seems only made for him, the sun shines to give him pleasure, and the heavens are spread above to delight him with their fairness. He sees no other world than his own; and his loves and emotions are too apt to narrow down and center about himself. But let the night of adversity come: the vail of darkness hangs over the earth,—her greenness and promise are mostly hidden from him, but he finds that the sky above is full of stars which beckon on his deepened thoughts to more exalted hopes. He sees that every star is a mighty world, full, perhaps, of beings like himself, possessed by their own petty cares and joys—and thus his mind is led away into illimitable contemplation; eternity and the universe shame his small self-love; he finds that the worlds circle not around him, but that he is only a trifling part of the great creation, fulfilling his destiny through good and evil, waiting upon the development of the Divine plan. As he grows humble, he grows trustful; as he becomes childlike he is really great.

## OUTSIDE WISDOM.

This is an age of superficiality. Everybody knows a little about every thing; while but few men and women know any thing thoroughly and well. A young miss, just out of school, will give you a flippant criticism upon this, that, or the other book, and the young man will use large words to express small ideas. Yet there is no lack of an intellectual element amid the people. It is because a surface polish can be so easily acquired, that there is so little depth to so much of this brilliancy.

## THE BREVITY OF HUMAN LIFE.

The tint of rose lingering upon the edge of a sunset cloud, is not so evanescent, compared with the long summer-day, as the life

of an individual compared with the existence of the earth—and who shall say how this will compare with eternity? Yet, to each of us the present is the highest point of time, enriched by all the past; while we remember not that our experience shall hereafter be the source of congratulation to others, who thank their stars that *they* did not exist in that dark and ancient period of time which to us is the Golden Now. Hazlitt has something to say of this in his Table Talk: "We do not consider the six thousand years before we were born as so much time lost to us—we are perfectly indifferent about the matter. We do not grieve and lament that we did not happen to be in time to see the great work and pageant of human life going on in all that time, though we are mortified at being obliged to quit our station before the rest of the world passes." This he attributes, not to anxiety about the future, but to the inherent love of being—of being *new*, and in the place and circumstances in which we are—and thinks the most unfortunate of us would not exchange our present life "for a slice of fifty or sixty years out of the millennium." Ay! the human heart clings to the world which was made for its purposes—which is its *home*, albeit, often a bare, unfurnished one; and since it is a law of nature, it is a good law,—just as it is necessary, in order to keep every being self-centered and indisposed to fly off on tangents, that the universe be made of unnumbered circles, each involved in all, and each turning harmoniously around some individual who feels it all creates for him—the law of selfishness.

The sober certainty of our present existence has a mighty hold upon us; we would turn the cold shoulder to the ferryman who should offer to drag us through the black waters of the Styx, though we implicitly trusted his assurance that the land upon the other side led us from golden shores to blooming bowers of immortal bliss. Yet, we must all go—and soon! We dream, we labor, we hope, we plan,—but realization does not begin before we are called away—and the world is no more for us—no more! "Like a contract of pleasure broken off unfulfilled, a marriage with joy unconsummated, a promise of happiness rescinded,"—in this



melancholy sentence is life truly pictured. What then?—we hope and we believe, but we know not—only that all is well.

#### REPUBLICAN CHILDREN.

A friend tells us a pretty incident, good enough to print. "I was at the house of an acquaintance one afternoon, late in the autumn, the weather still being mild and sunny. As we sat chatting together, suddenly her little girl, eight years of age, burst into the parlor, her cheeks and eyes bright with pleasure. She was elaborately dressed in silk with flounces, and costly embroidered skirts and drawers, knots of ribbons in her curls and looping up her sleeves. She was dragging by the hand a child of about her own size, cleanly but very poorly dressed, and with no shoes upon her little purple feet.

" 'O mamma!' she cried, 'Rosabel let me play in the alley-way, and I found this nice little girl there! She's just my age, and we've had *such* a good play, mamma! I asked her to come in and see you, for I knew she would love my mamma.'

"The lady looked up with surprise and displeasure.

" 'I wonder at your maid's allowing you in the alley-way, and I must tell you I do not approve of your picking up acquaintances in this manner,' she said, in French to her daughter. 'Why, my dear, she is a common beggar-child, she has not even shoes to her feet! What can you be thinking of to bring such an object in here? Let Thomas show her out of the door, quickly!'

" 'I do not care if she has no shoes!' burst forth the little girl, the tears springing to her eyes. 'She is just as sweet as she can be! and I shall give her some of my shoes. Why, mamma, she reads in the same book I do, and knows how to play charades!'

"This last declaration caused me to turn my eyes from the glowing face of the speaker to that of the companion, whom she still held by the hand. Her countenance was full as pretty and refined as the other, though it was now cast down with a look of distress. She appeared as if she would fain hide the little feet which peeped from be-

neath her calico frock. Presently she looked up, with more dignity than is usual in a child.

" 'I would not have come in if I had thought about my feet,' she said. 'It is the first day that I ever went without shoes. Mamma promised me a pair last week, but sister was sick and did not take her sewing home, and told me to stay in the house till she got the money—but I forgot and ran out. Sister will be sorry, for she would not like to have any one see me bare-footed.'

"I could see her lip tremble as she ceased speaking. Her little feet, sure enough, looked tender and all unused to their present hardships.

" 'There, mamma!' cried the other, triumphantly, 'didn't I know that she wasn't a beggar? But I would not care if she was, when she was so nice and knew such pretty plays. Come, Annie, let's go up to the nursery, and I'll have Rosabel get you a pair of my shoes and stockings.'

"The lady was about to interfere, when I ventured to whisper:

" 'Your child is acting upon her own beautiful impulses; pray do not forbid her. Let us see what she will do.'

"Proud, perhaps, to have her idol admired, and rich enough not to care for inroads upon her wardrobe, she permitted her to lead away her new friend. Returning with her, before long, wearing one of her handsomest pairs of shoes and stockings and one of her pink merino basques 'to keep her warm,' she said:

" 'Now, mamma, may I play with Annie a little while in the alley-way, if Rosabel watches us?'

"The mother could not very well refuse the youthful enthusiast in friendship, and permitted her to depart without any more worldly precepts setting their iron heels upon the purest and loveliest blossoms which perfume the bosom of innocence."

#### ASPIRATION.

The limitless heaven of our aspiration is not always in sight, even when we ask a view of it; now, lightly obscured by drifting clouds, now black and hidden beyond fearful storms—only at times smiling down upon us with the calmness and clearness of promise.



## HOME HINTS AND HELPS.

THERE is a homely proverb about saving at the spigot to waste at the bung-hole; and this is the kind of economy which is practiced in many families. There will be a pitiful want of tea in the teapot, and sugar in the pies, while an extra pound or two of meat will be bought and wasted every day, the dry bread will go into the waste-barrel instead of into puddings, stuffings, griddle-cakes, &c., and the clothing will go speedily to ruin for want of the stitch in time. Some housewives consider that a monotonous diet is an economical one, when a healthy and agreeable variety would cost no more. Six, seven, or ten shillings for a roast of meat in early summer would be paid as a matter of course, when there would be great hesitation to expend three or four shillings for the early fruit and vegetables, almost required by the digestive organs, overladen with the dregs of winter biliousness. The mother who brings debility and lasting ill-health upon herself out of anxiety to dismiss the nurse, or the extra help too soon, practices the most miserable economy. Health is wealth.

The lady who regards her new dresses as too good to wear, and goes about in her antique garments until the goodly assortment in the closet become all equally old-fashioned, and she never has the best benefit of any of them, practices a very foolish economy.

The mother who spends so many hours patiently putting needless embroidery into her children's clothes, at the expense of outdoor exercise for her and them, reading, recreation and good spirits, practices a very hurtful economy.

Many other shades and grades of false economy might be enumerated; our fair readers will think many of them out for themselves. Let them reflect if they are not needlessly overburdening themselves, and gaining nothing by the sacrifice.

There is a kind of economy which might be practiced with advantage in any number of households, and that is, of time. "Order is, heaven's first law." Time, that most precious of all commodities, is wasted by

the breaking of the law; confusion and hurry is the result. Regularity in meals, in rising and retiring, in the days for certain kinds of work, and in all the various departments, is highly desirable. It insures comfort, peace, and leisure.

It is surprising how much may be gained, how much accomplished, and how much leisure left, by a careful division of our time, each division to be filled by its appropriate duties.

Do not be falsely economical of smiles and kind words, neither of generous actions. It is strange how rich we can all afford to be in these, and how the more we spend of them the more we have, and the more others have, and the more the world has. A bright smile or a pleasant word is like a pebble thrown in a pool,—dimpling circles of light break away and radiate to the shore. If it is given selfishly, like money loaned upon usury, it may not bring us so rich a return as when thrown upon the waters freely out of the prompting of the heart alone.

Weary and overtasked mother! whose nerves are quivering, and whose naturally good temper is failing before the accumulating cares of maternity, restrain thyself, and pray heaven for wisdom and patience, and the self-forgetfulness expected of woman, before you administer the hasty reproof, the passionate punishment, the fretful word, to those troublesome little creatures who, while they vex your soul with care, you love so much, and who watch your eyes and face and voice for that which is life, faith, example, to them. Be economical of impatience and discontent, and lavish of love and forbearance. It may draw hard and fatally upon the springs of your earthly life, but it will fill to overflowing the fountains of your immortal being.

RASPBERRIES PRESERVED.—Take five or six pounds of red, but not too ripe, raspberries; pick, and put them into a preserving pan, with an equal weight of clarified sugar; when they have boiled up about a dozen times, skim and pour the whole into a pan, till the next day; then drain the fruit, and



put it into jars; put to the syrup about two glasses of cherry juice, previously strained; boil the sugar again, and pour it over the raspberries; add afterward about a spoonful of currant juice to each pot, and when cold, lay on brandy paper, and tie them down.

**RASPBERRY JAM.**—To every pound of fruit use a pound of sugar, but always boil the fruit well before you add the sugar to it—it will be a better color; put your fruit in your preserving pan, mashing them with a long wooden spoon; after boiling them a few minutes, add the same quantity of sugar as fruit, boiling it for half an hour, keeping it well stirred. When sufficiently reduced, fill your jars.

**RASPBERRY MARMALADE.**—Take double the weight of raspberries to that of sugar; rub the fruit through a sieve and put the pulp into a saucepan, set it on the fire and stir till it is reduced to half; then pour on the sugar, previously clarified, stir it well in, put it on the fire, give it a few boils, and then pour it into pots.

**GREEN GAGE JAM.**—Take some ripe green gages, and rub them through a large hair sieve; put them into a preserving pan; add a pound of sifted sugar to each pound of pulp; then boil to a proper thickness; skim it, and put it into small pots.

**TO PRESERVE GREEN GAGES.**—They should be gathered when quite dry, and not too ripe. Put them in a preserving pan, with a layer of vine leaves under and over; cover with water, a small piece of alum, and the same of saltpetre. Simmer them very gently till green and tender; take them out carefully into a pan of cold water, drain them in a cloth, and have ready a thin syrup to put them in. Boil the syrup every day, adding a little sugar, till of a proper thickness; the last day, put the gages in and boil for a few minutes.

**PEARS.**—These look best if moderate size, preserved whole, pared, with the stems on. Make a thin syrup, and boil them tender. If boiled too fast, they will break. They

will be sufficiently cooked in half an hour. If you wish them nice, let them lie in the syrup in a jar, or tureen, two days. Drain the syrup from the pears; add more sugar; boil ten minutes; skim and put in the pears; simmer them till they are transparent. Take them out; stick a clove in the end of each; and lay in a jar when cool. Then pour over the warm syrup. For common use, they are best done in quarters, boiled tender in a little water; then add half a pound of sugar to a pound of pears to the liquor, and simmer them gently half an hour. They may be flavored with lemon if preferred. They are nice for common use, baked. They may be done with the stems on and pared, or with the skins. Put them in a tin with half a tea-cup of molasses, or the same of sugar and water, and the same of water. They will bake in an hour.

**TO KEEP ORANGES OR LEMONS FOR PUDDINGS.**—When you have squeezed the fruit, take out the pulp; throw the outsides into water, with a little salt; let them remain a fortnight; then boil them till quite tender; strain them, and when they are nearly dry, throw them into a jar; if you have any old syrup left, add it to them; if you have none, boil a little syrup of common loaf sugar and water, and put over them; in a week or ten days, boil them gently in it, till they look clear; and, that they may be covered with it in the jar, you may cut each half of the fruit in two, and they will occupy less space.

**TOMATO SOUP.**—A. D. Ferrer, Fergus, C. W., writes that a pot of soup even fit for Esq. Bunker, may be made as follows: Take about two dozen ripe red tomatoes, a large teacupful of cream, with a good beef bone for a "strengthened," season with pepper and salt, and boil in sufficient water for two hours.

**CUCUMBER KETCHUP.**—To a dozen good sized cucumbers, green, eight onions, all chopped very fine, add a table spoonful of salt; drain off all the moisture; put in pepper, mustard, &c., pretty strong; place in a jar, and fill up with good vinegar.



## EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE war has ceased—peace declared—armies disbanding—troops returning home—are the items which come to us across the water. And so the world is jubilant—just as if a prize-fight had been determined; and now that the contest is over, we have a reckoning of the number of dead, and wounded, and missing, simply as a matter-of-fact which, as one of the “incidents” of the war, is just worthy of mention. Oh, how horrible is war! Horrible in its array of dead and dying, of wounded and lacerated, of missing men who never more return; but what are these, awful as they are, to the homes laid waste and desolate, the hearts crushed to the earth in anguish for the lost hopes and loves forever doomed to mourning? What are they to the fearful brutality of nature which war encourages as a virtue, opening the way for other woes and murders? It makes one's soul to rise up in anathema that such things should be in this humanitarian, this professedly Christian age. It is so easy to prate of “liberty” and “individual rights”—so easy to excuse war, rapine, murder, sackings, pillaging, imprisoning, exiling in defense of that liberty. But look at the record before us. One hundred and twenty thousand men killed, wounded, and missing, and with what result? Why, to give Italy over to other rulers, simply. Not to render the people any better, any happier, any wiser; oh, no! To “drive the Austrian from Italy,” that is all the excuse for the waste of lives, treasure, and happiness of three nations. “Lombardy has been given to Sardinia,” the record says. Mark the phrase—*been given*; the people are simply articles of transfer, and have gone from one ruler's power to another. “An Italian Confederation is erected, over which the Pope of Rome is to have the Presidency,” the record further says. Sweet satisfaction, O friends of “Italian Independence,” is this for your brothers' blood—to extend the temporal power of the Pope over sixteen millions of necks who never before enjoyed his yoke? These are thy fruits, O Monster Moloch!

We care not to talk of “treaties” and “balances of power,” and “ducal rights”—

all miserable subterfuges of potentates to keep them in power at the expense of the people—miserable pretexts of potentates to go to war about, and to murder their enslaved subjects; these are all they mean, as the history of Europe for twelve hundred years too closely proves. Away with them, then, and look at these wars as they *are*, scourges of the human kind, visitations of the power of the evil one.

Who will write the unwritten history of this “Italian Struggle”—tell the tale of its blood, and agony, and tears, and desolation as they are?

—The “heated term” is upon us—the hottest days of all the year. From our height we can look down upon the vast city, with its six hundred thousand bodies worrying and panting out the days and sultry nights. We say a hundred times: Why must people be so crowded and pressed together? The country is wide and open; then why do not the poor and pining denizens crowd into it? This proclivity for huddling together, and living in miserably small spaces we could never account for upon our own theories of political economy; and, being a woman, must think there is some good *manly* reason for it. Nevertheless, we will continue to tell of the blisses of a country home, where the air is pure, and the birds, and trees, and flowers consort together freely, and the milk is fresh!

—One of the features of the month is the issue, by Ticknor & Fields, of Tennyson's new poem, “Idyls of the King.” It more than answers expectation, if we can credit what the papers say. And Tennyson's reputation needed something strongly marked by genius to recover the injury done to the poet's fame by his “Maud,” which, we believe, never yet was understood. Mrs. Browning, through her “Aurora Leigh,” shot up in the literary firmament splendidly, and threatened an eclipse of the Laureate. But he has struck his lyre in a sounding strain, and its music will reach into the inner world to fill us with unceasing echoes of song in its true nobility. Great as Mrs. Browning is,



Tennyson is greater: he is, beyond compare, the greatest of living poets, and one of the noblest the world has known since the days of John Milton. Let us quote from the "Idyls" two or three, to make music for our readers until they can become possessed of the volume:

FORTUNE AND HER WHEEL.

Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel and lower the proud;  
Turn thy wild wheel through sunshine, storm, and  
cloud;

Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or frown;  
With that wild wheel we go not up or down,  
Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.

Smile, and we smile the lords of many lands;  
Frown and we smile, the lords of our own hands;  
For man is man and master of his fate.

Turn, turn thy wheel above the staring crowd;  
Thy wheel and thou are shadows in the cloud;  
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

TRUST ME NOT AT ALL, OR ALL IN ALL.

In Love, if Love be Love, if Love be ours,  
Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal powers:  
Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all.

It is the little rift within the lute,  
That by-and-by will make the music mute,  
And ever widening slowly silence all.

The little rift within the lover's lute,  
Or little pitted speck in garner'd fruit,  
That rotting inward slowly moulders all.

It is not worth the keeping: let it go:  
But shall it? answer, darling, answer no—  
And trust me not at all or all in all.

THE SONG OF LOVE AND DEATH.

Sweet is true love, though given in vain, in vain;  
And sweet is death who puts an end to pain:  
I know not which is sweeter, no, not I.

Love, art thou sweet? then bitter death must be:  
Love thou art bitter; sweet is death to me,  
O Love, if death be sweeter, let me die.

Sweet love, that seems not made to fade away,  
Sweet death, that seems to make us loveless clay,  
I know not which is sweeter, no, not I.

I fain would follow, love, if that could be;  
I needs must follow death, who calls for me;  
Call and I follow, I follow!—let me die.

—Several propositions are before us for serials for the coming volumes of "The Home." We may now answer generally, that all matter of that character is already arranged for, and its character understood; so that we may promise the readers of this magazine something most excellent. We shall give four stories, each to run through three months—one by the editor, and three

by as many of our most popular contributors. What we shall require, then, is short tales, sketches of life, character, and experience, brief essays, a *few* good poems, etc. We propose to render "The Home" one of the most desirable family magazines published, and shall always be glad of what really is good in any of the departments named.

—Amid a thousand other fine things in Owen Meredith's new volume of poems, there is, in "The Wanderer," the following little piece of philosophy which explains very cunningly why the first love of woman and man is so often fixed upon inferior objects, who are transfused and glorified in the light of their regard; and who never quite lose that tinge of immortal splendor in the eyes of those who loved them, even after the passion itself has expired. It is a question which must often have engaged the speculations of observers; but it has been left to a poet to expound it. True poets are true philosophers. They know the human heart by intuition, and do not need to learn of any school that which their own minds interpret more correctly. Indeed, it is not rare to find that a poet has prophesied, as it were, wonderful scientific truths, which, in the slower march of investigation, came to be recognized as solid facts and not unsubstantial dreams. But to return to the reason why:

"No! for 'tis in ourselves our love doth grow:

And, when our love is fully risen within us,  
Round the first object doth it overflow,  
Which, be it fair or foul, is sure to win us

Out of ourselves. We clothe with our own nature  
The man or woman its first want doth find.  
The leafless prop with our own buds we bind  
And hide in blossoms: fill the empty future

"With our own meanings; even prize defects  
Which keep the mark of our own choice upon  
The chosen; bless each fault whose spot protects  
Our choice from possible confusion

With the world's other creatures: we believe them  
What most we wish, the more we find they are not:  
Our choice once made, with our own choice we war  
not;

We worship them for what ourselves we give them.

"Doubt this is otherwise. . . . When fate removes  
The unworthy one from our reluctant arms,  
We die with that lost love to other loves,  
Turning to its defects from other's charms.

And nobler forms, where moved these forms, may  
move



With lingering looks: our cold farewells we wove them,—

We loved our lost loves for the love we gave them  
And not for any thing they gave our love."

This poet has contrived to involve this pretty titbit of philosophy in some intricacies of expression; but the meaning is there, and is well worth getting at.

— Among the novelties in the way of head-dresses, now considered *ton*, is a *resille* of silk lace. A wide ribbon goes all round and terminates in a bow on one side; but in order to render this coiffure perfectly graceful, it should have something like a light hood at the back. If the *resille* is made of gold or silver thread, it can be worn by young girls; and Spanish acorns, finely-worked, serve to complete it. Fair women can wear the hood of black lace, which keeps its freshness and is not oppressively hot. Elderly ladies can line them with thin silk, and those who have plenty of hair, have only to put a flower on one side, and they are at once in possession of a charming coiffure.

In regard to bonnets, the style is nearly a stand-still—milliners having, for the present, ceased racking their brains for novelties. The newest thing we can mention is a bonnet made of fine black hair, embroidered with buttercups in silken straw. The ribbon used for the trimming has a black ground, and the flowers at the side are entirely black, with jet centers. The effect of this combination is very original, and it has the advantage of defying dust.

A "very sweet" white dress has been introduced, which is worthy of notice—for ladies will dress, and men will admire; and what is best and prettiest is worthy of chronicling, even in "The Home,"—a magazine not remarkably devoted to "the Fashions" as such. The new costume is of *three* parts, namely: dress, fichu, and mantle, all of which can be worn together or separately. This skirt is of white muslin, and there are two flounces and two large bouillons, and two flounces and two bouillons again. In the

hem of the flounces is a blue, pink, or green ribbon, and a much wider one is run underneath the bouillons. The corsage is low, lined with silk the color of the ribbon, and a petticoat of the same silk is worn with the skirt. The sleeves, reaching to the middle of the arm, have two flounces and four bouillons, carried nearly up to the shoulder. At the waist is also a ribbon, fastening either in front or behind, and if the dress is preferred high, the shoulders can be covered with a fichu composed of flounces and bouillons, and drawn at the throat with ribbons. For outdoors, this toilet is completed by a mantle trimmed to match the skirt, and cut round at the back, hollowed out to admit the arms, and very long and square before.

For morning wear, there is nothing to equal clear muslin, colored and figured, made with loose jacket or full bodice, either body or jacket are fastened in front by bows of muslin, the ends of which are rounded and edged with a guipure.

— We have on file for insertion, "Rose-lawn," a tale; "Children;" "Imogene Vane," a story; "Tullalooloo's Dream;" "As a Little Child;" "Diversity of Opinion," etc., etc. The "Murder of Col. Sharp" we find we are unable to use, although, as a historical sketch, it is worthy of print. We will hold it subject to order. "Heart Struggles" is too long entirely for its story. Writers must understand the merit of saying just enough to tell the story. We will try and cut the story—a pleasant one—down to its better dimensions. Our stock of poems is, of course, ample. We want no more "youthful compositions," "first efforts," "hoping to be acceptable" compositions, for they are not used. The space in "The Home" which can be spared for poetry, can be filled only by what is truly good. Of such poetry we can get all that it is possible to use—hence can not consistently be asked to use what is, in too many instances, simply an effort at rhythmic composition. Regarding serial stories, see note on previous page.



## BOOK NOTICES.

THIS is the dullest month of all the year in the book trade. Publishers are preparing largely, we hear, for the fall trade (which opens in earnest with the "trade sales" of September) and it is a good sign of the times to know that the standard of book-excellence is appreciating. Fewer "new novels" will be produced this fall than have been thrust on the market for any single season for many years—a most excellent sign. Instead, we are to have French Classics, Cooper's novels, new editions of Dickens and Walter Scott, while the new works will be largely of a thoughtful and original character. The "summer books" are numerous, viz: "Acadia;" "The Old and the New;" "Love;" "Sparks from a Locomotive;" "The Cavalier;" "Summer Pictures," etc., etc. Some of these we refer to:

ARCADIA; OR, A MONTH WITH THE BLUE NOSES. By FREDERICK S. COZZENS. New York: DERBY & JACKSON.

The same sparkle and vivacity which made the "Sparrowgrass Papers" charming, makes of this "Month among the Blue Noses" an enjoyable book for summer reading. It is certainly refreshing, in the dog-days, to read about people whose noses are supposed to be always purple with cold. What a mockery and contradiction of terms! "This is ARCADIA; this the land that weary hearts have sighed for!"—and in the same breath these delightful Arcadians are dubbed blue noses. As if anybody ever sighed for a frozen proboscis! However, we don't believe from the book before us, that the Nova Scotians are always in that unhappy condition indicated in the title. When Mr. Cozzens was in Arcadia, the wild flowers fringed and tasseled the road-side with white, pink, and purple, and the wild strawberries whitened the turf all the way from Halifax to Chezzetcook. The portrait which graces the beginning of the story, of an Arcadian

maiden, is interesting, reminding one a little of the dark-eyed fisher-girls of Brittany, who have often attracted the pencil of the artist.

THE NEW AND THE OLD. By J. W. PALMER, M. D. New York: RUDD & CARLTON.

This is a collection of sketches, each one perfect in itself, of experiences in California and India. These sketches glow and glimmer with a fascination such as eastern tradition assigns to the opal; they have a witchery all their own, at times terrible, and always alluring. They surpass the interest of fiction reading, for we feel that they are true, while in the wildest excess romantic. The author is a poet in a peculiar way, and a man of the world, most emphatically, at the same time. This book will take rank among the few *original* works which mark a pleasant place, here and there, in the dead level of imitation and stale story-telling. In his chapter called "Child Life by the Ganges," Dr. Palmer has proven himself a magician, equal to those strange "wise men" in which that land abounds. The book is spiritedly illustrated by Anthony.

SPARKS FROM A LOCOMOTIVE; or, Life and Liberty in Europe. By the author of "Belle Brittan's Letters."

Another volume of records of a traveler over familiar fields, with more than the average of interest, bringing the scenes discussed vividly before the reader, as if he were listening to a friendly, genial talk. Col. Fuller saw a good deal of "high life" during his tour, which he does not fail to allow us to enjoy with him; nevertheless his book is gossipy, pleasant, poignant, and excellently readable. The letters are those written to various papers, now revised and given in a more permanent form. Many are of passing interest, simply; but most of them will be found pleasant "summer reading."